



COMPLETE
POEMS

OF



COLONEL
John A. Joyce





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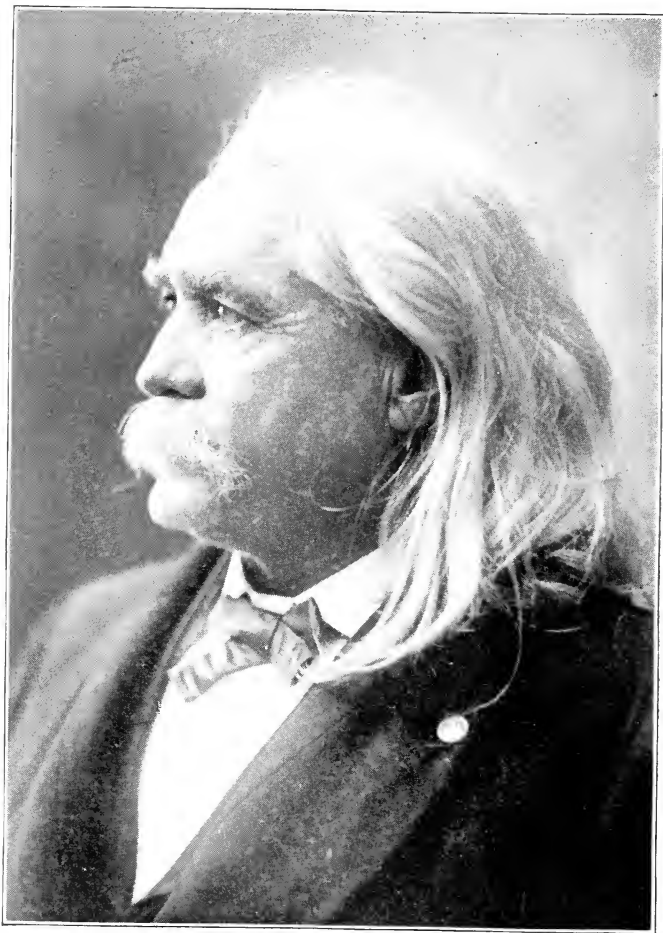
Inscribed to
Hon. Felix Brannagan,
a man of letters &
law, with the Irish
respect of the author

John A. Joyce.

Easter Monday.

Washington,
D.C.

1900.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HEWKE: WASHINGTON

John A. Joyce:



COMPLETE POEMS

OF

COL. JOHN A. JOYCE

Author of "Checkered Life," "Peculiar Poems," "Zig-Zag,"
"Jewels of Memory," Songs, Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL D. SULLIVAN

Washington
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Dedication

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO THE READER WHO
POSSESSES THE LEAST POLICY AND
THE MOST PRINCIPLE

PREFACE



These rocks of rhyme and pebbles of poetry I throw into the world of thought, trusting that they may macadamize the highway of life with confidence, love and beauty; and as they have sprung spontaneously from my impulsive heart during the past forty years, I leave the Brain Babies to the justice and mercy of mankind.

J. A. J.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March, 1900.

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COMPLETE POEMS

. . . OF . . .

COL. JOHN A. JOYCE



I WALK ALONE.

[Dedicated to Gen. John B. Henderson, Yosemite Valley, July 4, 1874.]

I walk alone where morning beams are shining,
And winds are blowing o'er the stormy sea ;
I look aloft and see a silver lining
That thrills my soul with thoughts of Deity.

I walk alone where evening shadows lower,
Peering through the crimson clouds of fate ;
My heart beats out the lagging, weary hour,
Repeating to my soul — too late, too late.

I walk alone where mountain streams are leaping,
And snow-capped summits reach unto the sky,
And still my nightly, silent watch I 'm keeping,
Gazing into worlds beyond that never die.

I walk alone the rugged road of life,
Where human " May-flies " flutter, fly, and fall ;
I battle still with everlasting strife —
Ambition, glory, and the grave — that 's all !

THE LEAVES ARE FALLING.

[Dedicated to Hon. William B. Allison, Iowa, November, 1866.]

The leaves are falling, I hear you calling
From out the years that slumber in the past.
Asleep or waking, my heart is breaking
For one sweet love that thrills it to the last.

The leaves are sailing, and I 'm bewailing
The lost affections of my vanished youth,
When friends were nearer, and hearts were dearer.
And life was in the heaven of their truth.

The leaves are flying, the winds are sighing,
And Nature in her garb of green and gray
Makes many changes o'er hills and ranges —
A bride of beauty in her autumn day.

Along the hours, in golden showers,
The leaves are falling over hill and dale ;
Their ranks are broken — a voiceless token
That we shall follow down the fading vale
And perish like the leaves blown by the gale !



LOVE AND LAUGHTER.

[Dedicated to George D. Prentice, 1863.]

Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;
Weep, and you weep alone ;
This grand old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer ;
Sigh, it is lost on the air ;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad, and your friends are many ;
Be sad, and you lose them all ;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and a lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
Fast, and the world goes by ;
Succeed and give, 't will help you live ;
But no one can help you die.
Rejoice, and men will seek you ;
Grieve, and they turn and go —
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe !



BY THE SEA.

I am standing by the sea,
And I listen to the roar
Of the mighty ocean
As it breaks against the shore.

I think of Now and Then,
And long for evermore
To taste of living wine
On God's eternal shore.

I see the breaker coming,
With a petrel on its crest ;
I plunge into the billow,
Wildly crying, " Here is rest ! "

SECRET LOVE.

[Dedicated to Miss E. R. G.]

You have lived in my heart year after year,
And the secret I never have told ;
I think of you now with joy and with fear,
But you 're haughty, and heartless, and cold.

My nature is honest, loving and true,
Yet I sigh in the depths of my soul
For one word of love that will bring me to you,
My ideal, my fate, and my goal.

My love may be crushed with your coldness,
And my heart may be withered by care,
But I never can tell you with boldness
Of the love that I secretly bear.

I see you in crowds shining brightly,
And my soul swells with pride at your fame ;
Every word in your praise, though so slightly,
Thrills my heart at the sound of your name.

And you never will know of my weeping,
Nor the love that I coyly enshrine ;
For daily and nightly I 'm keeping
Precious thoughts that can only be mine.



QUESTION AND ANSWER.

QUESTION.

Will you love me, darling Katie,
When my steps are weak and slow ?
Will you love me ever truly,
Through the vale of joy and woe ?

Will you love me when the world
 Frowns, and looks with scorning eye ?
Will you love me till the moment
 When I heave the parting sigh ?

Will you love me when I 'm gone,
 As you love me now while here ?
Will your heartbeats ever linger
 On my name throughout the year ?

Will you love me in the springtime ?
 Will you love me in the fall ?
Can I count on you in winter
 When the snow hangs over all ?

ANSWER.

I shall love you in misfortune,
 With all my heart and soul ;
I shall never cease to love thee
 While the stars around me roll.

Then, darling, never doubt me ;
 In the turns of time so strange
My star of love shall never set.
 My heart shall never change.

But life and love I 'll give thee —
 Thy bride in truth was cast ;
My heart and soul, fondly thine —
 Dear, darling, to the last.

Yes, Willie, I shall love thee
 When your locks are growing gray ;
I shall love you in December
 With the love I gave in May !

THE FATHERLAND.

[To mein frau.]

I will drink to my own Fatherland,
To the crags and the vales of the Rhine,
Where the rugged old castles still stand,
And the hills blush with grape and with wine.

'T is there, in the morning of childhood,
I wandered as free as a fawn ;
And echoes I heard in the wildwood
Were pure as the dew and the dawn.

The landscape and Black Forest mountain
Are pictured in memory by me,
And every Rhine rock and fair fountain
Sings the song of the fatal Lorelei !



THE CRICKET.

Little cricket, standing picket
Near the blazing hearth,
Chirping lightly, blithe and brightly,
Whence thy early birth ?

Sing away, my little cricket,
Time is on the wing —
Live the hours in warm bowers
Chirping in the spring.

Who can tell the nameless longing
In thy sable crest ?
Who can tell the thoughts now thronging
In the cricket's breast ?

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

I gaze on my old ruined homestead to-day
Through the tears of a wild, vanished youth ;
I see the broad porches gone down to decay
Where my mother instilled every truth.

The chimney has crumbled away in the blast,
And the rafters have all tumbled down ;
The hearthstone brings back all the joys of the past
As the clouds in the west darkly frown.

The spring at the foot of the hill has gone dry,
And the apple and plum trees have gone ;
I stand in the gloom as the winds deeply sigh —
See the ghosts of my friends one by one.

Here, my mother and father sleep side by side
In a nook on the top of the hill ;
Where my heart was as light as the foam on the tide
When I sauntered about the old mill

That stood on the banks of the creek, down the lane,
Where it rumbled its musical flow ;
But alas ! I shall never play there again
As I played in the sweet long ago.

The woodpecker drums o'er my head on the oak
And the gray squirrel chatters his tune,
But where are the schoolmates whose sport and whose joke
Thrilled my heart in the play-spell at noon ?

Some are "gone o'er the ranges" to sleep in the vale ;
Like myself, some have wandered afar —
Blown about like a leaf in a withering gale
Or attuned like a broken guitar.

By the last ray of sunset I sadly behold
The old ruined home of my youth,
Where the jessamine clambered in colors of gold.
And the voices I heard spoke the truth.

Farewell to the scenes and the friends that I knew
In the morning of life, bright and fair—
My heart shall forever commingle with you
And my spirit shall always be there!



FAREWELL.

Farewell! farewell! My heart is sad and lonely,
While sailing o'er life's surging, stormy sea;
My soul-lit thoughts are centered in thee only—
The sweetest being in my memory.

Farewell! farewell! The secret of my longing
Can not be told to those of common clay—
Yet, from the past your plighted vows come thronging,
And thrill me with a love that could not stay.

Farewell! farewell! My bark is on the billow
That hastens onward to a foreign shore;
I fain would rest upon a fevered pillow,
And still my weary soul forever more.

Farewell! farewell! Another hand shall lead thee,
Another heart has won the prize I sought;
Why, oh, why could you rebuke, deceive me,
And leave me lonely with this killing thought!

Farewell! farewell! Thus we are doomed to sever,
And break the tie that bound us to the past;
Yet in my heart, forever and forever,
I'll keep your sainted image to the last.

MAZY.

She sleeps on the hill near the crumbling mill—
And my mind is nearly crazy
When I note the hours and faded flowers
Gone with the sun and the daisy.

Through the orchard wild, as a loving child,
She sported long in the clover ;
And the blossoms free from the apple-tree,
She heaped on her pet dog, Rover.

The bees she chased, in her laughing haste.
In the fields and nooks so sunny ;
With roses red she decked her head —
And life was sweet as honey.

A few more years — a few more tears —
Will waft me away to Mazy ;
And I shall sleep where willows weep
By her side, 'neath the blooming daisy.



TOLL THE BELL.

Toll the bell slowly ; meekly and lowly
There comes an inanimate clod,
Sleeping forever beyond the dark river —
A mortal has gone to his God.

Toll the bell faintly ; echoes so saintly
Are sounding o'er river and lea,
Telling the living all need forgiving
Before God and eternity.

Toll the bell lightly ; daily and nightly
A spirit is watching for thee,

One that has loved us, one that has proved us,
Some fond soul who loved you and me.

Toll the bell sadly ; heart-broken, madly
We kiss the cold lips of the dead,
With hope, love, and tears, run back o'er the years
To pluck out some cruel word said.



LINDALOU.

[Dedicated to Hon. S. S. Cox, late Minister to Turkey.]

I drink to the light of the harem,
As lithe as a classical faun,
A soft scintillation of pleasure,
A beautiful creature of dawn,
And frail as the dew on the lawn.

I sing to the light of the harem,
As she glides through the gilded saloon,
And floats like a sylph o'er a zephyr,
Who leaves me in sorrow too soon
When passion has reached its high noon !

I sigh for the light of the harem,
A sunbeam of magical hue,
A beauty, the rarest and fairest,
The pride of the Sultan — Boohoo !
My royal coquette, Lindalou.

I live in the light of the harem,
And bask 'neath those beautiful eyes,
Recline on rich Ottoman velvets
To gaze on the Bosphorus skies,
Lindalou and her sweet paradise.

A MEMORY.

[Dedicated to DeLaney Gill.]

Adown the vanished years where memory lingers
There comes to me a picture from the past,
And round her brow I see fond fairy fingers
Entwining rarest roses to the last.

Her laughing voice could banish every sorrow.
Her sunny smile was all the world to me—
Yet vainly from the past I try to borrow
Her presence from that dark eternity.

It must be that beyond the stars now shining
She waits and watches for my coming call ;
For oft in dreams my weary head reclining,
Upon her bosom finds its sweet enthrall.



O'ER THE EMBERS.

O'er the embers of departed pleasure
I ponder lonely on the days no more,
And think of loved ones that I fondly treasure
Who 've long since landed on the other shore.

Their image beams from out the smoldering fire,
Where memory holds her banquet to the last ;
Their voices vibrate on the golden lyre
That links the passing present with the past.

Again I hear their songs of bliss and beauty,
Their merry laughter and their joyous glee,
When all was truth and hope and duty,
And Life and Love were all the world to me.

And though the snows of many a cruel winter
Have fallen thickly o'er my bending head,
And Time upon my brow has been a printer,
I still must cherish the dear, sainted dead.

Well ! I 'll cover up the embers with the ashes
Of fruitless efforts that have passed away,
And linger on the lights that memory flashes
Across the fields now barren, bleak, and gray.



LOVE.

Clasp me to your warm embrace ;
Take me to your loving heart ;
Let me feel your velvet face,
Breast to breast, and heart to heart.
Nevermore to pine or part.

In your eyes my heaven is shining —
Golden sunlight is your hair ;
All my clouds have silver lining
While your spirit hovers there,
And I see you everywhere.

As the river to the ocean,
And the brooklet to the sea,
So my soul throbs with emotion,—
All its currents turn to thee,
Faithful to eternity.

Thrill me with your passion kisses ;
Fill me with a nameless joy ;
Earth has no such cherished blisses,
Pleasure that we can't destroy,
Virgin gold without alloy !

THE VOICE OF THE CLOCK.

[Dedicated to Derwin De Forest, of New York.]

Tick, tick, the moments fly,
Tick, tick, we live and die.
Tick, tick, goes the hour,
Tick, tick, fades the flower.

Tick, tick, heartbeats go,
Tick, tick, weal or woe.
Tick, tick, soon are fled,
Tick, tick, lost and dead.

Tick, tick, days and years,
Tick, tick, smiles and tears.
Tick, tick, wind and wave,
Tick, tick, grief, the grave.



THE OCEAN GRAVE.

Let me rest in the boundless ocean,
Where the storm-king rules the wave,
Where waters are ever in motion
Above a limitless grave.

Let me rest where the roaring billow
Resounds o'er the waters wide,
A dirge o'er my coral pillow,
A song for my mermaid bride.

Let me rest where the evening twilight
Mellows the parting day,
Where the sea-birds flit in the moonlight
Through breakers of blue and gray.

Let me sink where the sands are shining
On the surf of a lonely shore,
Where the clouds have a silver lining
And there 's rest for evermore.



FORTY YEARS.

[A memory of Mount Sterling, Ky.]

Forty years are gone to-morrow
Since these streams and hills I knew :
Forty years of joy and sorrow
Bring me back, dear hills, to you.

Many friends I loved are sleeping
On the crest of yonder hill ;
'Neath the willows gently weeping,
Near the sound of Perry's mill.

Beaux and beauties that I cherished
Left me in their early bloom,
Yet their memory never perished
With the blight that blurs the tomb.

Raven locks no more are shining ;
Lost and gone the flowers of May ;
Yet how vain is all repining
In my crown of silver gray.

Vanished voices in the twilight
Float above the hill and plain ;
Call me fondly to the skylight,
Thrill my heart with love again.

THE JEW.

[Dedicated to the fair Hebrew ladies.]

The wild ivy vine of old Palestine
Creeps over its temples and towers
And leaves but a trace of the historic race
That once filled its beautiful bowers.

Yet age after age on every page
Of the record of love and of life,
The Hebrew appears to bloom o'er the years
And soars over sorrow and strife.

Though crushed and reviled, defeated, despoiled,
The seed of the martyrs abound,
And all o'er the earth where mortals have birth
The Jew and the Jewess are found.

In science and art they each take a part,
And labor for liberty, too ;
The tyrant they hate in church or in state,
And freedom they always pursue.

Success to the Jew, the wandering Hebrew,
Who never was known to despair ;
In bondage or chains, in losses or pains.
His face can be seen everywhere.



WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead let no vain pomp display
A surface sorrow o'er my pulseless clay,
But all the dear old friends I loved in life
Can shed a tear, console my child and wife.

When I am dead let strangers pass me by,
Nor ask a reason for the how or why
That brought my wandering life to praise or shame,
Or marked me for the fading flowers of fame.

When I am dead the vile assassin tongue
Will try and banish all the lies it flung,
And make amends for all its cruel wrong
In fulsome praise and eulogistic song.

When I am dead, what matters to the crowd ?
The world will rattle on as long and loud,
And each one in the game of life will plod
The field to glory and the way to God.

When I am dead some sage for self-renown
May urn my ashes in his native town,
And give, when I am cold, and lost, and dead,
A marble slab, where once I needed bread.



OCEAN MEMORIES.

[A San Francisco souvenir.]

Years have gone by since we met by the sea.
The kiss that you gave, love, lingers with me ;
Thrills in my heart like an angelic tune,
Perfume distilled from the roses of June,
Silvery light from the face of the moon.

Lulled to repose by moan of the ocean,
Clasped in a thrill of blissful emotion,
Sunlight and starlight we catch but a gleam ;
The world is afloat — we live in a dream,
And things are not surely all that they seem.

Your secret and gem I still fondly keep
So close to my heart, awake or asleep ;
The world has no treasure dearer to me ;
Unpurchased, unsought, love without fee,
Was that soul-thrilling gift down by the sea.

Absent and lonely my soul flies to thee,
Back to the shore of that sweet summer sea —
A land where the vine and the orange doth bloom,
And silver and gold its mountains entomb —
A paradise planted, rich with perfume.

Sadly I sigh for your loving embrace ;
Fancy awakens the light of your face ;
Out through the mists of yon echoless shore
Angels are calling my lost, loved Lacore —
Sighing I pine for your love evermore !



KATIE AND I.

[Suggested by my wife.]

Katie and I sat singing, singing
As the moon went down ;
While bells were loudly ringing, ringing
In the far-off town.

Katie and I sat thinking, thinking
Of the long ago ;
Sweet baby fingers lightly linking
Memories under snow.

Katie and I soon sleeping, sleeping
'Neath the silent sod ;
Our spirits fondly greeting, greeting
Children, rest, and God.

GOLDEN HAIR.

[Dedicated to Emily Thornton Charles.]

Only a lock of golden hair
That I gaze on with ceaseless pain,
Worn by an image pure and fair,
That never shall bless me again.

She went like the mist of morning
To shine with the stars above,
A beautiful, chaste adorning
In a realm of endless love.

Yet often when evening twilight
Encircles my heart with gloom
I hear her voice from the starlight
That sparkles within my room.

And I see through the mystic moonbeams
Her form so rare and fair,
A radiant light from Heaven so bright,
With tresses of golden hair.



“ I HAVE SINNED AND I HAVE SUFFERED.”

[Last words of John Howard Payne, author of “Home, Sweet Home.”]

I have sinned and I have suffered,
Yet the world will never know
How I tried to do my duty
In the long, the long ago.

I have sinned and I have suffered,
Human nature is so weak —
Yet my tongue can not be tempted
To disclose, betray, or speak.

I have sinned and I have suffered,
Who has not through blood and bone ?
If there be a mortal living,
Let him bravely cast the stone.

I have sinned and I have suffered,
Just the same as other men,
But my heart can not be conquered,
Nor the soul that burns within.

I have sinned and I have suffered,
Mournful memories come to me ;
Yet beyond the clouds of sorrow
Rifts of sunshine I can see.

I have sinned and I have suffered,
He can sink and He can save
All the human hearts that wander
To the cold and silent grave.



TRUE LOVE.

Love that needs a daily nursing
Is, to my heart, none at all ;
All its blessings are but cursing
To the soul that asks it all.

Love that lives for gold and fashion
Is as hollow as the sphere —
Only thrives with pounds and passion,
Fooling thee from year to year.

Love that changes with the morrow
Is as fickle as the air —

Fleeing far, in pain and sorrow —
False and cruel everywhere.

Love that can't endure the winter
And the adverse race of life,
Is a poor, ignoble sprinter —
A pretender in the strife.

Give me only her that lingers
Over every storm and wave,
Whose devoted, faithful fingers,
Scatters roses o'er my grave.



MY BABY'S EYES.

[To Florence.]

My baby's eyes in melting blue
Are beaming bright as morning dew,
And from the sky light take a hue,
Or like the star light bright and true.

My baby's eyes in liquid roll
Enhance my world from pole to pole,
And love sits smiling in that goal
Forever speaking to my soul.

My baby's eyes in other years
May fill with many scalding tears,
And yet through cruel taunts and jeers
A parent's love will banish fears.

My baby's eyes in blight or bloom,
Those glorious orbs in grief or gloom,
Shall be to me, in death or doom,
The dearest diamonds of the tomb.

THE SUNBEAM.

A beautiful beam came into my cell
Fresh from the eye of Jehovah, to tell
That bolts and bars can not keep out the light
Of truth and justice, of mercy and right ;
It checkered the flags through the iron door,
And danced in the shadows that kissed the floor,
And loitered about in a friendly way,
Until beckoned back at the close of day —
When out of the window it flew on high,
And hastened back to its home in the sky.
I followed the beautiful beam to rest,
To a sea of light in the golden west ;
It dropped to sleep on the dark blue sea
And left me the sweetest memory.
I turned to my soul for calm relief,
Balm to my wound, a check to my grief —
When visions of glory shone from above
Where the light is God, and God is love !



FLOWERS OF HOPE.

[Dedicated to M. J. Murphy.]

The sweetest flowers of golden hours
Must fade and pass away ;
But love or truth, of age or youth,
Shall never know decay.

The hills are gray. Old Time won't stay,
But keeps upon the wing ;
Its flight of years bring smiles and tears
To peasant, prince, and king.

Dear friends, depart ; and leave the heart —
A ruin old and lone —
With nothing here, from year to year,
Which it can call its own.

Yet, o'er the gloom beyond the tomb,
Where Hope can only see,
There is a rest among the blessed,
And joy for you and me.



“ THE SERMON.”

The sermon I heard in the woods to-day
Was the grandest I ever heard —
A chorus of Nature, and love-lit lay,
Of the Cricket, the Bee, and the Bird !

And the prayer was Truth, and the text was Love,
And the pew-holders ferns and flowers,
That raised their heads to their God above
As they sweetened the fleeting hours !

And the pulpit was rock, and cliff and hills,
And the preachers were giant trees —
While the organ tones were the sounding rills
That rolled on the balmy breeze !

And those forest aisles in the morning light
Filled my soul with a nameless glow —
And visions of beauty beaming and bright
That I cherished so long ago !

SACRIFICE.

'T is hard to plant and never reap a sheaf;
'T is hard to smile through tears of anguished grief;
But harder still to love and love in vain,
And nurse for life the secret, scorching pain.

'T is hard to toil for glory and for fame,
'T is hard to fight and win a lasting name,
But harder still to work for ingrate friends
Who only know their sordid aims and ends.

'T is hard to lead a high and noble life
Among the human gnats of worldly strife;
But harder still to sacrifice yourself
For those who pander to the power of pelf!



FORGETTING.

The friends that I loved in December
And cherished so fondly in May,
Have long since forgot to remember,
And vanished like dewdrops away.

In sunshine and power I was toasted
And feasted by courtiers so kind;
And, Oh! how the parasites boasted
Of the wonderful traits of my mind.

But when the dark hour of my trouble
Arose like a storm in the sky,
The vipers began to play double,
And forgot the bright glance of my eye!

THE SEXTON.

[From a recent Kentucky scene.]

Patiently waiting the nameless dead,
The sexton leant on his spade,
With thin, gray locks round his rugged head,
O'er the grave he had newly made.

He thought of his home in a distant land,
Where the heather and thistle grow,
And the waves that sound on its rocky strand,
Where the storm winds beat and blow.

And his eyes were filled with impulsive tears,
As alone by the grave he stood,
While memory brought back forty years —
Of the young, the bright, and the good.

Mother and father had passed away,
And wife, and daughter, and son ;
And he alone in the evening gray —
With his race so nearly run.

The funeral train, in twilight hour,
Away from the churchyard fled,
And the blare and pomp of worldly power
Touched not the ear of the dead.

And the sexton old, with a thistle bloom,
Was found at the dawn of day,
Asleep at last by a silent tomb,
With his locks so thin and gray.





"The sexton leant on his spade"

THE STORY OF THE SAGE.

I met a sage, decrepit, old and gray,
While plodding through his last declining day,
And asked him as he wandered down the vale
To tell me of his life's eventful tale.
He leant upon his staff and paused awhile,
Then gazed across the sea to some fair isle
That met his fading vision through the gloom,
Where roses blossom in eternal bloom.
"Fair youth," he said, "my well-remembered years
Arise before me now through smiles and tears,
And take me back to love-lit, golden hours,
When life was young, amid sweet fragrant flowers ;
My hopes were of the golden time to be,
Or like a full-rigged ship upon the sea —
Freighted with all the flashing hues of mind
That thrill the soul or deify mankind.
My boyhood pleasure was as bright as thine —
Came lightly as the foam on rosy wine ;
But like the foam it quickly passed away
And left me to another doubtful day.
I fondly thought that when my manhood came
I'd rush into the ranks and win a name
That ages yet unborn would emulate,
And grant me glory in both church and state.
In blooming age I sought for power and place,
And won distinction in full many a race ;
But just as sweet perfection came to view
The bowl was dashed and left me trials anew.
I sought the field of glory and of war,
My hope as bright as yonder evening star ;
And there I heard the shot and shrieking shell,
That roared in terror, like a voice from hell.

Upon the ramparts high I waved my flag,
And struggled bravely up the mountain crag ;
But just as Victory o'er me threw her spell
I dropped the flag, faltered, wounded fell.
A broken soldier who has known defeat
Can fight and fall, but never can retreat,
And now you see me just the sport of Fate,
Its taunting voice still ringing out — too late.
In legislative halls with words ornate
I shone amid the thunders of debate,
And reaped some glory with a loud applause
For making many wholesome, honest laws.
I walked among the noble and the great
Who stood as pillars to the rising state ;
And while Dame Fortune promised every prize,
I only caught a glimpse of her bright eyes.
Yes, I have known a loving maid's embrace,
Whose soul shone brightly in her cheering face,
While laughing children clambered on my knee,
And blessed me with the glory of their glee.
Yet these have gone and left me weak and lone,
With nothing here that I can call my own,
Like yon bare pine that topples to decay
And droops above where all its fellows lay ;
Or like an eagle on some mountain height,
With longing eyes, peers through the gathering night,
Awaiting one that never shall again
Soar with him grandly o'er the hill and plain.
Then I had friends who filled my banquet hall,
They drank my sparkling wine, both one and all ;
But when they saw and knew that I might fall,
They left me rudely with life's bitter gall !
But why repine for pleasure that is past,
Or sigh for earthly power that can not last,—

While people praise us for their fame and joy,
Erecting idols they will soon destroy ?
I wandered many years in foreign lands,
From arctic regions to bright tropic sands,
Seeking for perfect pleasure on the way,
But never found it to the present day.
In beauty's eyes, from Persia to Peru,
I caught love glances as they darted through
The veil that cruel custom seeks to hide
What Nature gave to show with honest pride.
In Florence and in Rome I looked aghast
At works of art that told me of the past,
Which peopled every crumbling tower and pile
With royal spirits from some fairy isle.
The glowing canvas and the marble bust
Have rescued heroes from the thickening dust
That centuries of time accumulate
Upon the name of those who serve the state ;
But yet, the time will come when even the great
Are lost within the ruins of their state,
And every glorious fame that thrilled the past
Shall perish from the earth and die at last.
Ah ! here to-day you find me old and gray,
A wreck where once ambition held its sway ;
Where every romance in the soul of youth
Came lightly as the angel of the truth.
Now you are young, and like the noble pine,
But sure as fate, your steps must follow mine.
While you may hear and see what I have seen,
Your name be mentioned in immortal green,
Yet still remember that no power or gold
Can purchase an exemption to grow old.
One hundred years have crowned my troubled way,
And here I crumble with my mother clay ;

I'll take a last long look at yonder sun :
Farewell ! farewell ! My fleeting life is done ! ”
He ceased, and sank into the gloom of night,
And left behind no ray of cheering light,
While all his conversation did but seem
The vestige of a vain and vanished dream !



HOW YOU FEEL.

[Dedicated to an honest man.]

Though your rusty old hat may be battered,
And your shoes all run down at the heel,
And your coat be all torn and tattered,
You 're as good and as great as you feel.

Though the rabble may sneer and upbraid you,
And still try your glory to steal,
The dastards can only annoy you,
If you 're honest and be what you feel.

Though the clouds of adversity hover,
And the storms of life loudly peal,
Hold to truth and your honor forever,
And you 'll always be just as you feel.

When the ingrates shall blighten your manhood,
And the hypocrites puncture your wheel,
Steer forth through the crowd and the wildwood,
Be noble, and be all you feel.

And when this short life is all over,
At the throne of Jehovah you 'll kneel,
And feel like the bees in sweet clover,
If you 're only as true as you feel.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

I dream of a city so far away
In the upland realms of eternal day,
Where the streets are silver and jasper and gold,
And nothing therein can ever grow old ;
But ever is young, so happy and fair,
Where pleasure is never in league with care,
And love and beauty are always there.

Its temples and towers are reaching high,
Far into the blue of a cloudless sky ;
Where angels and seraphs are sailing around
With musical waves of silvery sound ;
And the golden fruit of that sunny clime
Shall blossom and ripen as long as time ;
Where truth is eternal, and soul sublime.

The billions that vanished away from the earth
Since this speck of matter had life and birth,
Are there in great glory and pristine bloom —
Triumphant forever beyond the tomb ;
And all of the creatures who left this sod
Have passed 'neath the Great High Ruler's rod,
Victorious at last, by the grace of God !



THE DAY IS DONE.

Through the churchyard to-day I 've been roaming,
Where slumbers my darling alone ;
Now, I 'm watching the stars in the gloaming
For one that was only mine own.

She faded away in life's morning
And sought the fair isles of the blest,

As lovely as when summer sunsets
Melt all the red gold of the west.

The stars that are shining above me
Are only the jewels she wears ;
Where'er she now dwells she still loves me,
And shares in my sorrow and cares.

I know she is waiting to greet me
Whene'er I may reach the bright shore ;
I know she is praying to meet me
Where loved ones are parted no more.

How I long to pass through the bright portal
And leave all the sadness of earth,
And dwell with the spirits immortal,
Where Truth, Love, and Beauty found birth.



MY BELIEF.

I believe in God, who rules o'er all,
And heed not any creeds of men ;
I know that Father Adam's fall
Was conjured by old Moses' pen.

I believe that Eve was but a myth,
And Moses but a liar —
A Jew, with gall and gab and pith —
A keen, falacious sire.

The " rib," extracted from the side
Of Adam in his sleep,
Brought sorrow to the world wide,
And caused mankind to weep.

The "Serpent" knew his business well,
When tempting Mother Eve ;
He still is loose, in earth and hell —
To lie, seduce, deceive.

And yet, what would the preachers do,
Without the myths of Moses ?
They'd be like ships without a crew —
Like gardens without roses.



DROSS.

The crystal kings of Alpine peaks
In icy grandeur reign alone ;
And so my soul forever seeks
To stand within the Great Unknown.

The world to me is only dross,
A study of the undertone ;
For all we gain is only loss
Unless we know the vast Unknown.

We 're only atoms on the breeze,
Tossed and tumbled, brief — and blown
Like withered leaves upon the trees,
Poor pilgrims to the dark Unknown.

Vain are the triumphs we cherish,
This life is a laugh and a groan ;
All that we love must soon perish,
And sink to the realm — Unknown.

The pomp and power of the greatest
Only shines for a short little day ;
The earliest hour is the latest —
And all things are flitting away !

LIFE.

This life 's a shadow of the tomb,
A rosebud in its morning bloom,
A web and woof within a loom,
An echo in a vacant room.

A dewdrop on a tender flower,
A moment of a flitting hour,
A sigh for love within a bower,
A raindrop of a thunder shower.

A leaf upon the autumn trees,
A mother's prayer on bended knees,
Like spray upon the silver seas
Or buzzing of the busy bees.

A sunbeam on the rolling wave,
A moan above a lonely grave,
A war cry of the bright and brave —
Or groan of an unconquered slave.

An atom borne upon the air,
A heart surcharged with grief and care,
And shuttled onward here and there —
Mysterious matter everywhere !



WHAT I LOVE.

[Dedicated to Hon. D. I. Murphy.]

I love the mountains and the sea,
Where nature reigns so wild and free ;
Where all things speak to you and me,
Of God-given, glorious liberty.

I love the vales and lawns and rills,
The rocks and streams, and rustic mills,
And fountains springing from the hills
Whose magic music soothes and thrills.

I love the storms that grandly rise,
With rumbling thunder from the skies,
With lightnings from the Great All Wise,
And rainbows with their heavenly dyes.

I love the roar of glorious war,
Resounding like a rumbling car,
As storms that sweep o'er oceans far,
And constant as the polar star.

I love the lion and his might,
The screaming eagle and his flight,
The stars that glitter night by night —
And everything that 's pure and bright.

I love the flowers, so sweet and bright,
That bloom in beauty day and night,
Diffusing fragrance, love, and light —
The emblem of eternal right.

I love the larks that soar and sing,
Like specks of sunshine on the wing;
Ah! how my spirit longs to swing
Where seraph songs forever ring.

I love the blush on Beauty's cheek,
The bright blue eyes so mild and meek —
Where Love is playing "hide and seek,"
Like swallows round some mountain peak.

I love to think, and walk alone;
Or, like a monarch on his throne,

Maintain my own intense soul-tone,
Till I shall meet the Great Unknown.

I love the kind, the good, the great ;
At home, abroad, in church, or state ;
Yet, one thing I shall ever hate :
The sordid, dastard, vile ingrate !



FETTERED.

I work on the treadmill of life every day,
Not knowing where to I am bound ;
It matters not whether I am troubled or gay,
I simply go round and around.

I eat, drink, and sleep, and I still strive for gain,
That soon I must leave to another,
And only go on to the end of my chain —
Contesting with sister or brother.

I 'm fettered for life to the end of a chain,
And fastened so tightly by fate,
That whether I feel any pleasure or pain
I 'll die either early or late.

The worst and the greatest must sleep 'neath the sod ;
There 's nothing on earth that will stay ;
I 'm only a speck, and the breath of my God,
But I feel that the soul can't decay.

So I 'll float right along like the strain of a song,
And I 'll try to laugh down every trouble,
And be jolly and gay from day unto day,
With a heart that can never play double.

FLITTING.

A short little day, at talk, work or play,
Is all that each mortal can cherish ;
And then out alone, to the darkling unknown,
Where worldly memories perish.

Again and again each link of our chain
Is broken so rudely forever,
And hearts fond and dear depart year by year —
Across the mysterious river.

A poor little life, that toddles through strife,
And wrangles from hour unto hour,
Is all we can claim, for glory or shame —
For beauty, for honor, or power.

Then while we are here, let's be of good cheer,
And laugh and be gay with the best ;
So when we depart we 'll shine in each heart —
Like sunsets that glow in the west !



THE PHILOSOPHER'S DREAM.

I 'm weary of toiling where envy and malice
Are tearing down genius from day unto day ;
Far better to drink a draught from death's chalice,
Than mingle with midgets as callous as clay.

All mean, sordid mortals I loathe with derision ;
Their praise or their censure are nothing to me ;
I think for myself, and make up my decision,
And live in the light of my own liberty.

My mind is a kingdom and o'er it I 'm reigning,
No traitor can enter this princely domain ;
I soar with the muses, all vain things disdaining,
And drink from the goblets that banish all pain.

I long to retire to a haven eternal,
Where Love, Truth, and Honor are ever in bloom ;
Where Nature celestial is glorious and vernal,
And the soul in its beauty survives o'er the tomb.



NATURE'S GOD.

[Dedicated to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.]

Tell me ye stars that nightly o'er me reign,
The secrets of your brilliant, radiant sphere ;
And if your beings feel the grief and pain
That mortals suffer while they linger here.

O, tell me if beyond the suns and stars
There is a clime where earthly creatures rest ;
Where o'er the lights of Venus and red Mars,
I 'll bask in glory with the brave and blest.

I ask, and ask these questions evermore,
And no reply has yet come back to me ;
But, in the moaning of the ocean roar,
I hear a whisper from eternity.

The voice of Nature in her various forms
Speaks to my mind a language ever true,
That sounds above the summits and the storms—
There 's someone somewhere looking out for you !

A TRUE BILL.

Go wrong, and the people hear it ;
Be right, and they little care ;
Be ever so true, they 'll talk about you,
And do it most everywhere.
Be strong, and the sycophants flatter ;
Be weak, and they trample you down ;
Though the world be fast, it looks on aghast,
At the man who despises its frown.

Be ready to strike in a moment,
And bluffers will leave you alone ;
Look up in the air, defying all care,
And you may hold on to your own.
Go right along through the world,
Not caring what it may say ;
'T will damn to-morrow, making you sorrow,
But praise you for cash to-day.

Beam and smile with the Beauty ;
Go grin and growl with the Beast ;
To keep out of trouble, every play double,
Be first at the fair or the feast.
Pretend to be bright, brave, and wealthy—
Appearance is most of life's game ;
The world 's a fool, as a general rule,
Yet, fools sometimes catch on to fame !



DUPLICITY.

There 's little on earth but sin, sorrow and care—
Duplicity meeting us everywhere ;
It 's found in the young, it 's found in the old,
It 's master of those who win silver and gold.

It 's found in the churches, it 's found at the bar,
It 's found through the world, at home, near and far,
And, go where you will, to the races or fair —
Duplicity, surely, you 'll find ever there.

It 's found in the forum, it 's found on the bench —
Cunning and crawling, like a cruel Judge Lynch,
With smiles on her lips and beams on her brow —
Old Dastard Duplicity — cloaked with a bow !

It 's found in the groundling, it 's found in the great —
The " trump card " that 's played at the helm of state ;
Beginning and ending of man 's cruel wars —
Duplicity — Agent of red-handed Mars.

Men vainly boast of being " brother to brother,"
Yet morning and night they 're cheating each other.
From rising of sun to the close of the day
Duplicity reigns with tyrannical sway.

In shop and in office, in mill and in bank,
Where Mammon has servants of low and high rank,
You 'll find that Duplicity ever is Boss —
Taking most of the profit and none of the loss.

Just look in the face of that Jesuit fraud,
Who has something to sell like a butcher or bawd,
He 'll tickle your fancy and flatter your pride,
With plastic Duplicity — " kept on the side."

MORAL.

Then, do not be troubled or worry your mind,
About bankers or butchers, or frauds of all kind —
But lay down the netting they 're spreading for you,
And deal them Duplicity clear through and through.

DON'T.

[Dedicated to Pessimistic Patriots.]

Don't be sighing, don't be crying
For the pleasures that are past ;
Just keep working and keep trying,
And keep laughing to the last.

Don't be mumbling, don't be grumbling
At the world from day to day,
But keep trotting and keep tumbling
To the front in every fray.

Don't be growling, don't be howling
At the men who push along ;
Help your comrades without scowling,
Join the chorus of the song.

Don't be swearing, don't be fearing
That the world is going to end ;
Just keep plodding, ploughing, peering,
And you 'll never want a friend.

Don't be lacking, don't be backing,
But be sure and go ahead,
For the man that 's always tacking
Is the one that never led.

Don't be backward in your going,
Do your duty everywhere ;
It 's the man that does the hoeing
That is always getting there !



THE MORNING GLORY.

Beautiful morning glory,
Tell me your sensitive story ;
Where did you get your blush of blue,
Your pink and white, inlaid with rue,
Your chaliced lips bedecked with dew,
And your heart so deep, so pure and true?

ANSWER.

When the curtain of stars swung out last night
I was only a budding flower,
And the scorching sun gave me fearful fright,
As it rolled to its western bower ;
But zephyrs came with their balmy breath
And moistened the dews of the dawn,
When I rose again from my daily death,
And blushed in the garden and lawn.



LAUGH ON.

It is no use to weep or worry ;
It is better to sing and play
Than to always be in a hurry,
And thus rattle our lives away.

For the day flies by like a shuttle,
As the sable wings of the night
Comes down with a shade so subtle,
Like the rooks in their twilight flight.

And the heart beats on with longing
For the joys that are passed and fled,
While through memory's halls come thronging
The radiant forms of our dead.

We know that we soon must follow,
So let us be happy while here ;
And even if the laugh be hollow,
It is better than sorrow or fear.

'T is better to love one another
Than quarrel and sneer at the world,
For God made us brother to brother,
With banners of truth still unfurled.

Let us sing and dance with the brightest,
And scatter the perfume of flowers ;
For the heaviest heart is the lightest
If it cheers up the creeping hours !



A MEMORY.

[Dedicated to K. L. V.]

In the woodland bowers I met her,
When the May flowers were in bloom,
And I never can forget her,
Though she 's sleeping in the tomb.
On fond memory's page are shining
Visions of the buried past,
And my heart with grief is pining —
I shall love her to the last.

Her bright spirit lingers near me
In my hours of grief and pain ;
Angel whispers come to cheer me,
With their sweet and tender strain.
Yet, I know in some far Aiden
We shall meet among the blest,
Where no life with care is laden,
And where souls find peace and rest.

GONE.

She faded away like the dews of morn,
Or the mist through the morning light,
And her soul now rests in a heavenly clime,
Where never again shall be night.

She lived for love and the beauties of earth,
And she did every good every day ;
But never again shall we hear her voice —
From the cold and impalpable clay !

Yet, while right is right and good is good,
There is hope for the millions of earth,
Who struggle and battle along the years
For a land where the soul had birth !



TEN YEARS.

Ten years have passed since 'neath the sod
I gave my darling to her God ;
My eyes surcharged with tears of love
Which Time will crystallize above.

Ten years of weary, wand'ring care
Have lashed me with their fume and fret.
And I 'm not happy anywhere,
Because my soul can not forget.

Her vanished voice and golden curls
Entrance my troubled heart to-day,
When I behold the "boys" and "girls"
That loved her when she laughed at play.

OLD FRIENDS.

How the heart will beat responsive
To the fancies of the brain,
When the dearly loved and lost ones
Come to visit us again ;
Forms that once we fondly cherished,
One by one appear in view ;
But in all the world there 's nothing
To replace the lost and true.

New-found friends may gather 'round us,
While we float on fortune's tide ;
Be they true, or be they fickle —
None but old friends have been tried —
Those fond hearts that still are faithful,
In our weal or in our woe,
Are the rarest gifts that heaven
In its bounty can bestow !



HAVE THE ROBINS COME ?

[An actual occurrence and not a fancy.]

- “ Pray tell me when the robins come.
They 're harbingers of spring, you know ;
The March storms seal the winter's doom ;
Its springtide mine — to stay or go.
- “ I 've pray'd to live for that dear child
Who can not know what death may mean,
Through life from that sweet tie exil'd,
Which none but child and mother dream.”

Twin pallid lillies mount her cheeks,
Their hectic signets seal hope's doom ;
For months we've read, but could not speak,
Yet ev'ry morning — " Have they come ? "

One morn when March-born winds were still'd,
And straggling drifts of coffin form
Athwart the lawn lay white and chill'd —
Snowy graves of last night's storm —

The sun's warm breath and melting kiss
Allur'd the herbage bursting near.
A flock of red-breasts 'spied the tryst,
And spread their morning banquet there.

" The robins and the spring are here " —
With muffl'd steps we seek her bed.
A fairer spring had come to her,
And birds of Paradise instead.



LOVE.

Love and beauty ever lingers,
Like the blush upon the flowers,
Spreading hope with fairy fingers
Through the darkest, loneliest hours.
And when every earthly pleasure
Takes its reeling lightning flight,
Love is still our radiant treasure,
Like the glittering stars of night.
Winter can not chill its glory,
It can all the world defy,
And 't will shine in song and story,
For true love can never die !

CHRISTMAS EVE.

[For the eye and hand of charity.]

Pity, oh pity, her cold little feet,
Trudging along through the alley and street !
Where the night winds wander and sigh and grieve,
'Mong the flickering lights of Christmas Eve.

She looks in the shops where the groups of toys
Are glittering bright for gay girls and boys,
And the staring eyes speak unuttered woe
Of the orphan child in the falling snow.

Her famishing heart at the baker's door
Longs for the "goodies" on counter and floor,
While the rich and the proud roll by in state
And leave the waif to her mournful fate.

The clock in the tower strikes the hour of two,
As the Night Watch looks at the solemn few
Who make their beds by the sheltering wall,
To shiver and starve by the brilliant hall.

Now, the orphan child has gone to her rest,
With tapering fingers upon her breast,
Where the "Christmas gifts" are given with love —
Beyond the stars, in a realm above !



VAIN MAN.

Vain little man, from day to day,
Imagines that he 's great,
And struts and frets his life away —
In home, in church and in state.

He knows but little here below —
A bunch of beef and bluff ;
An egotist for weal or woe —
A ripper in the rough.

With gilt and gold he rears his head,
And lords it spring and fall ;
And doesn't know until he 's dead
That he has lived at all.

'T is sad to see these little things
Make monkeys of themselves,
While aping princes, dukes and kings
And consequential swells.

But let them strut and fume and rave ;
It 's all they have to do ;
They know not what 't is to be brave,
Or lofty, pure and true.

They 're only fit for glare parade,
For buncomb, wind and show —
A sordid set that God has made,
To prattle, prate and blow.



HURRAH FOR THE BOERS!

Hurrah for the Boers! may they live long in glory,
And conquer the tyrant, so brutal and vain,
Who tries to destroy every vestige of freedom
On mountain, and ocean, on valley and plain.

Hurrah for the Boers! who are fighting for freedom,
For home, love and country, for honor and law,
For ridges of gold and for valleys of diamonds,
The finest and richest that man ever saw.

Hurrah for the Boers! is the cry of the nations
That worship where Liberty reigns in her might,
Where Freedom still battles for truth, peace and honor,
And every proud heart beats for law, love and right.

Hurrah for the Boers! and the downfall of monarchs,
The Neros of nations and curse of the world ;
May the nineteenth century see their destruction,
And their blood-reeking flags torn, tattered, and furled.



SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?

[Dedicated to Hon. William B. Allison, U. S. Senator.]

I asked the hills in vernal bloom
To tell me if beyond the tomb
The mind of man is full and free,
The heir to all eternity.

I asked the seas that grandly roll
Their wrinkled brows from pole to pole,
If far beyond their utmost shore
There is a life forevermore.

I asked the stars that nightly shine
As jewels in the crown divine,
If man shall live within their sphere,
Devoid of all the dross that 's here.

I asked the sun, whose heavenly light
Shines somewhere always day and night,
To tell me if the soul of man
Exists beyond this little span.

The hills and seas and stars and sun
Made glorious answer one by one,
Proclaiming with a grand refrain —
“*God wills that man shall live again!*”

KISSING O'ER THE BARS.

[A song. Dedicated to "Gypsy Kroh."]

I had a little sweetheart, her name was Jennie Lee;
We met down by the brooklet, and by the waters free;
We clasped and kissed each other, beneath the rising stars —
Our hearts kept tune together while kissing o'er the bars.

Although the years have left me and I am old and gray,
I can't forget the gloaming that long since passed away;
Yet while my life is wasting and marked by many scars,
I'm standing by the brooklet and kissing o'er the bars!

Often in the evening when I gaze across the sea,
My soul is filled with rapture for home and Jennie Lee;
And though a lonely exile exposed to jolts and jars,
I'm kissing, fondly kissing, my sweet Jennie o'er the bars!

She left me in the morning when life was young and true;
Her spirit shines upon me from yonder bounding blue;
And though the world rebukes me with many winds and
wars,
My heart and soul feel rapture while kissing o'er the bars!





"Our hearts kept tune together while kissing o'er the bars"

GOD IS NEAR.

[Dedicated to Rev. David Wills, of Georgia.]

God is near upon the ocean,
God is near upon the land ;
He is All, both rest and motion —
We are only grains of sand.
Little mites upon life's billow,
May-flies buzzing out the hour,
Dreams upon a fevered pillow,
Dewdrops on a withered flower.
Only waiting for to-morrow,
That has never come to man,
Here we live in joy and sorrow,
Chasing phantoms as we can.
Chasing pleasure, chasing greatness,
Over tangled walks and waves ;
But we learn the bitter lateness
Just before we find our graves.
Hope is nigh with fairy fingers,
Tracing sunbeams on the way ;
Magic memory ever lingers,
Busy with the bygone day.
Life and death are but the portals
To a realm of endless rest ;
God is working through his mortals ;
All in some way shall be blessed !



THE EXILE.

In other lands beyond the sea
My thoughts will often turn to thee ;
And gazing o'er the billows' crest
My heart shall travel to the west,
Where lies a home, the sweetest, best.

Fair land of pine and oak and ash,
Where sparkling streams forever dash.
Mid mountain crags so grand and old
Rock-ribbed with iron, silver, gold,
And fertile fields of generous mould.

The friends I knew in childhood years
Are seen with love through smiles and tears,
And as my bounding bark departs —
One look, one sigh, to tender hearts —
How memory from my bosom starts !

How oft my eyes will turn in vain
To see my native land again,
And as the sail departs from view,
I 'll peer across the ocean blue
To catch one glimpse of love and you.

But I am destined still to roam
Without a country or a home,
A lonely exile bent with care,
A barren waste, both bleak and bare —
No friend to cheer me anywhere.



EXPANDING.

We have got the Philippines,
And we 're going to keep them, too ;
And we 'll just keep on expanding,
With the Red, the White, and Blue.

And we 'll make them Territories,
And "some day" when the Fates
Have brought them out of ignorance
We 'll coin them into States.

And we 'll get a chunk of China,
 When the pie is passed around,
And shall still keep on expanding,
 While we 're living overground.

And we 'll civilize the heathens,
 With " Old Glory " in the van ;
Shoot them into wealth and knowledge —
 On the " European plan " !

And we 'll preach to them in battle
 With the rifle and the shell,
And if they don't surrender
 We will blow them all to — well !

We are Agents of Jehovah,
 And our Destiny is clear ;
So we 'll spread our laws and letters
 Without favor, fraud or fear.

With McKinley as Commander,
 And his " Boys " behind the guns,
We 'll conquer savage Tagals,
 And our traitor Goths and Huns !

And we 'll still go on expanding,
 Like our Fathers from their birth,
Till we make one Grand Republic
 Of this teeming, glorious earth !



DEWEY.

O, Dewey, Georgie Dewey,
 You royal, sly old mouse,
Why did you give your sweetheart
 Your loving cup and house ?

And then to cap the climax,
And change your sailor life,
You did n't ask the Public
To choose ~~your~~ your loving wife.

The first mistake you make, George,
Your glory will decline ;
The rabble will accuse you
Of lushing foreign wine.

And if you look on woman,
And hear her siren voice,
They 'll howl you to the echo
Because you pick your choice.

But Dewey, Georgie Dewey,
The Public is a clam,
And for their fickle gabble
You shouldn't give a damn.

They 'll praise you in the morning,
And censure in the night,
And swear that at Manila
You were not in the fight !



GENIUS.

[Dedicated to Leo Wheat, of Virginia.]

He thrills the heart with grand, poetic numbers,
And plucks the crown of thorns from brows of care ;
He wakes and thinks what time the sluggard slumbers,
And scatters gems of beauty everywhere.

Entrancing music with voluptuous swell
He casts upon the weary, mystic mind ;

Sounding as sweetly as some far-off bell,
Evolving hope and love for all mankind.

The canvas glows beneath his magic hand
With forms of grace, and grace that is divine;
He pictures all the gems of sea and land,
Securing to the world the superfine.

His chisel carves the marble into form
Of bust and statue, pyramid and tower,
Defying ages of both sun and storm
To crush the thought that thrilled him for an hour.

And yet the Genius, with his suffering soul,
Oft wanders o'er the earth misunderstood
By chattering daws who never reach the goal
Of knowing how to do their fellows good.

But when he's seen no more in field or town,
And all his mortal part lies cold and dead,
Some sage or city for their self-renown
Will give a shaft where once he needed bread!



DECORATION POEM.

[Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., May 30, 1885.]

We celebrate and dedicate
This day of blooming flowers
To those who fell for yonder flag,
That starry flag of ours —
Defying human powers.

Where'er we roam, this Soldiers' Home
Can never be forgot,
While airs shall blow from Mexico
To cheer our happy lot
And sing of General Scott.

From sun to sun, while ages run,
We 'll sound in song and story
The record of these noble men
A down the aisles of glory,
Who fought on fields so gory.

I hear again, o'er hill and plain,
The cry and shot of battle —
The neighing steed, our wounded bleed,
The roaring, tearing metal
Where cannons loudly rattle.

These mounds shall be, to all the free,
A shrine for loyal greeting,
Where we may kneel, in woe or weal,
While happy hours are fleeting,
At every May-time meeting,

The wild long-roll that thrill'd the soul
No more for these resounding ;
But calm and still they top this hill,
Where balmy airs are bounding,
And life is not confounding.

And memory clings where love still sings
Among these sacred bowers,
The livelong day in sunny May,
With all its golden hours,
And cool, refreshing showers.

No autumn blow, nor frost, nor snow,
Can chill the love we cherished
For men so true, who wore the blue,
In life their country nourished,
And for that flag they perished.

Their loyal dust shall be a trust
To this devoted nation,
That by their blood, on field and flood,
Secured a new salvation
And gained great approbation.

No slave to-day pollutes our way
From ocean unto ocean,
But great and free, on land and sea,
Our flag floats with devotion —
Sweet liberty its portion.

And o'er these graves it proudly waves
Where roses blush in billows,
And forest leaves break ranks to grieve
Above their soldier pillows,
Around yon weeping willows.

At Sumter hot, where shell and shot
Tore ramparts from their mooring,
These fought and fell in that red hell —
A desperate alluring
For country still enduring.

At Shiloh, too, these boys in blue
Died for a splendid reason —
That faith and trust forever must,
In every State and season,
Crush out the hosts of treason.

In serried lines, 'mid oaks and pines,
I see their bayonets flashing ;
These phantom hosts and sainted ghosts
For Union still are dashing —
A rude rebellion smashing.

Die for a plan, the rights of man,
Our country, one in many,
Where all are blessed, and he is best
That can't be false or canny,
And will not stoop to any.

Let valor yield its sword and shield
To patriots and free men,
And honor bright both day and night
Crown soldier and crown seaman,
And scatter every demon.

And now so true, "the boys in blue"
May group in one grand rally,
And strew with love to those above
The flowers from hill and valley,
Along Dame Nature's alley.

Then as a band we 'll firmly stand,
Defying all creation ;
Round Northern pine and Southern vine
May bloom in every station —
A fragrant, sweet oblation.

Long may we live to smile and give
And feel no separation ;
But from this sod we 'll look to God,
And join in decoration —
One grand, United Nation !

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

[To the memory of Thos. J. Luttrell.]

A manly man has passed away,
He rests beneath the silent sod.
He carried sunshine in his day,
And gave his heart and soul to God.

In war and peace he was brave,
Kept duty as his guide and chart ;
Although his body fills the grave,
His memory lingers in the heart.

Peace to his ashes, rest his soul ;
No more his smiling face we 'll see ;
He 's reached at last the final goal,
And shines within eternity.



THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Bands were playing, horses neighing,
Soldiers straying, mules were braying ;
Banners flying, women crying,
Hearts were sighing, many dying ;
Onward, backward, all uproarious,
The " Gray " victorious, the " Blue " was glorious.
The field was won, the field was lost,
Like ocean billows, torn and tossed ;
And on the bloody beach of war,
Waves of dead, a giant scar ;
And mangled bodies torn and pale,
Like forests in a withering gale.
Up the hill and down the vale,
Advance, retreat, but never fail ;
Fix bayonets, forward, guide right !
A shout, a yell ; God ! what a sight.

At them again through smoke and fire ;
Fight and fall, but ne'er retire.
Once more to the breach, steady, strike —
Blood, broken bones, who saw the like
Never forgets through the long years
That call up our smiles and our tears.
Capture cannon, capture men,
Crash, smash, at them again !
Hark to the yell of Cleburne's men,
They rush like demons through the glen,
Driving the " Blue " toward the river,
And many are lost forever.
Sherman shouts " Halt! right about, charge! "
Then down through the brush and the gorge
The " Gray " in turn are flying.
Lord ! how the soldiers are dying.
McClermand, McCook stand at bay,
While Wallace is lost on the way
To the field where Prentiss surrenders
To the South and its brave defenders.
Cheatham, Withers, Gibson, and Bragg
Stand out like a wild, rocky crag
And beat back the bold invaders ;
At last they are crushed by the raiders.
Then Crittenden, Hurlbut, and Wood
With many brave heroes withstood
Charge after charge, through the rain
Of bullets that whizzed o'er the plain.
Webster shouts, " Park and unlimber ! "
Shot and shell right through the timber —
Cannons that growl like December,
Sounds that we long shall remember,
Shriek like the roar from a burning hell !
Sending the foe to the rear pell-mell !

Danger and death so fierce and hard
To the halting troops of Beauregard!
Sunday's sun has gone at last,
Rushing rains are falling fast
On the faces cold as lead,
On the dying and the dead.
Brave Sidney Johnston led the "Gray,"
But Fate cut off his life that day,
And Beauregard could not repel
The Union fire — a blast from hell,
Where cannon thundered o'er the glen
And shattered horses, boys, and men.
Then Monday's sun arose in a gloom
And spread its clouds above this tomb,
Where Grant and Buell joined to smash
The stubborn "Gray" with one dread crash.
But still the "Gray" declined to yield,
And fought like tigers on the field —
Till wave on wave "the boys in blue"
Rolled o'er these Southern hearts so true —
While Sherman over swamp and bridge
Dashed on the gallant Breckinridge!
The day was won, the day was lost,
And twenty thousand told the cost,
Where brothers bled and brothers died —
A ruin with its crimson tide,
That flowed for you and flowed for me
On the torn banks of the Tennessee!
The sun goes down, the stars are set,
That bloody field we can't forget
While valor holds a deathless sway
And honor crowns the "Blue" and "Gray."
It may be that the winking "stars"
Contain the men who loved the "bars" —

And that those gallant, noble types
 Join hands with those who loved the stripes.
 But "stars" and "bars" and "red" and "blue"
 And "stripes" and "stars" wave over you ;
Our Nation fills our fame today —
 The "red" is "Blue" and the "blue" is "Gray" !
 A thousand years of glory
 Shall immortalize our fame —
 With a tale in song and story
 To keep green the hallowed name
 Of the victor and the vanquished,
 On the land and on the sea,
 A band of noble brothers
 Led by gallant Grant and Lee.
 And the tears of beaming beauty
 Shall freshen every flower —
 In the May-time of our duty,
 Through the sunlit, fleeting hour.
 Then we 'll strew the rarest roses
 O'er the graves we bless to-day,
 And we 'll pluck the purest posies
 To enwreath the "Blue" and "Gray."
 And down the circling ages,
 From the father to the son,
 We 'll tell on golden pages
 How the field was lost and won ;
 And how a band of brothers
 Fought each other hard and true
 To bind the Union arches
 O'er the "Gray" and o'er the "Blue,"
 And reared a lasting temple
 So complete in every plan,
 To justice, truth, and mercy
 And the liberty of man.

VANITY.

[Dedicated to Henry T. Stanton, Kentucky.]

Sweet thoughts that we can not repeat,
And songs that we never can sing,
Arise in the brain but to meet
And speed like a bird on the wing.

A light or a flash on the wave
Is the life that we live to-day —
A memory gone to the grave,
Or the laugh of a child at play.

A glance at this world of beauty,
A bubble that floats on the sea ;
To hope and to die for duty,
And sink to eternity.



THE SUTLER.

" I will a sutler be that profits may accrue." — Shakespeare.

[Dedicated to Dick Turpin.]

I sing the song of the sutler,
Who fought in the battle of life,
The song of the prize-package " artist,"
Who never got into the strife ;
Not the jubilant song of the soldier,
Who never forgot to lay claim
To the greenbacks that stuck in the " Jack Pot "
At the end of a winter-night game,—
But the song of the beautiful sutler,
Who traveled in sunshine and rain,
For the sake of the almighty dollar
And whatever else he could gain.

And his youth bore no flower on its branches,
But his age was a bright, sunny day ;
For the prize that he gloriously grasped at
Was the cash that he carried away.
And the work that he did for the army
In the rear of the soldiers was seen,
Where he set up his crackers and herrings,
And the smell of the festive sardine
That he sold to the " boys " on a credit,
Or the clamp of a paymaster's lease ;
And six boxes he gave for five dollars,
While the rest brought a dollar apiece.
While the world at large sheds a tear
To the hero that may be bereft,
I drink to the Grand Army Sutler
Who never was known to get left !
Who rushed to the front, when the camp-fires
Lit up all the hills, without fear ;
But at the first crack of the rifle
He galloped away to the rear,
With his pipes, his tobacco, and whiskey,
And his barrels of sour lager beer ;
And he never let up on his running
Till the Long Bridge appeared to his view,
Where he opened up shop in his wagon,
And roped-in the gay " boys in blue."
How he held to his faith unswayed,
With the glint of the cash in his eye ;
And for this great cause how he suffered !
For the cash, not the country, he 'd die !
Then rear to the sutler a temple,
Of granite and brass that will stay,
Where the spirit of Shylock shall hover,
And beam on the " Blue " and the " Gray" ;

Who once paid a tribute to genius,
With a gall that no mortal could rule,
And a smile like a lightning-rod peddler,
And a cheek like the Grand Army Mule !



ALBION.

[Dedicated to Hon. John W. Daniel, United States Senator, Virginia.]

Hurrah for old Albion, the robber of nations !
She murders and riots o'er weakness and toil.
An octopus, devilfish, seeking all stations —
To capture and enter, devour and despoil.

From days of King Alfred her mission of might
Has reddened the earth with the blood of the brave,
And those that she could not cut loose from the right,
She killed them and lashed them and made them her
slave.

But the day of her destiny rapidly goes,
And the star of her fate approaches decline ;
She 's menaced by nature, by fortune and foes —
The wreck of ambition, the last of her line.

And her dukes, lords and earls shall soon pass **away**,
By force of the light that Liberty throws
O'er rude, rotten royalty, sin and decay,
The breeder and author of all human woes.

For gold she has plundered the wealth of the world ;
A tyrant and bigot, the worst of our race.
From sweet, happy homes she has exiled and hurled
Her children, without any mercy or grace !

DECORATION DAY POEM.

[Oak Hill Cemetery, May 30, 1895.]

Grand Home of the Dead ! we mourn as we tread
Near the forms that crumble below ;
How sad and how still the graves on Oak Hill,
'Neath the sunlight in bright golden glow.

Here 's a rough, rude stone, moss-grown and alone,
Where old Time has left not a trace
Of the name it bore in the days of yore,
After brain and body ceased race.

Vain, vain is the thought ; no one ever bought
Exemption from final decay —
To live and to rot, and then be forgot,
The fate of the quick of to-day.

The soldier and sage from age unto age
Have slept 'neath these towering trees ;
The young and the old, the bright and the bold
Are sung by the breath of the breeze.

Brave Babcock in peace here finds his surcease
From sorrows that troubled his life ;
And rests with his God, beneath the green sod,
Away from this cold world of strife.

Here Reno retires from war's flaming fires
To shine with immortals above,
And bivouac there, devoid of all care,
In realms of infinite love.

Here Morris, the brave, a king of the wave,
Doth slumber beneath the old flag ;
Hero so grand, on the famed " Cumberland,"
And bold as a tall mountain crag.

While ocean shall roar on rock-beaten shore,
The memory of Morris shall be
A great loyal light for freedom's fair fight
On river, on land, and on sea.

And Stanton, the grand, stood out for this land,
When Rebellion reared up its fierce face ;
Calmly reposes 'neath beds of sweet roses —
A lone hero, in war's ruin race.

His great iron arm kept the Union from harm
While he smashed all the foes in its way —
As great Lincoln, his Chief, looked on with deep grief
At the war 'twixt the Blue and the Gray.

As years roll along, with sorrow or song,
His name shall grow braver and brighter —
A Puritan true, who knew what to do
With soldiers and Grant, the great fighter.

Here sleeps fine Van Ness who knew no distress,
While Burns expended his gold ;
A Senator true, who b'lieved in the Blue,
A gentleman, honest and bold.

Great Lorenzo Dow, who never knew how
To garnish his truth with a lie,
Sleeps under these flowers, through May's golden hours,
Illumined by the sun and the sky.

Here Corcoran, the sage, Bishop Pinckney, broad gauge,
Repose under marble so white ;
They 've gone to a land, bright, blooming, and grand,
Where never, up there, is a night.

Here John Howard Payne sings again that refrain
That thrills us wherever we roam ;

O'er land or o'er sea, our hearts still shall be
The Mecca of dear Home, Sweet Home.

O'er the flight of the years, with smiles or with tears,
The memory of Payne shall remain ;
And millions unborn, in twilight and morn
Shall sing his immortal refrain.

Let soldier and sage from age unto age
Richly have all their merit and praise ;
But the poet will be a light for the free
To the end of our last dawning days.

Count Bodisco sleeps here, where trees shed a tear
O'er the grave of the Muscovite peer ;
Away from all ill, he rests on Oak Hill,
A memory from year unto year.

Dick Merrick lies here, a bright, brilliant seer,
A lawyer of lingering renown,
Who fought every wrong of the cruel and strong
In county or city or town.

Here rests the bright Blaine, in sunshine and rain,
Who left his imprint on the Nation,
A keen, brainy mind, devoted and kind,
Well fitted to fill a great station.

No shaft marks his grave to tell traveler or slave
Where that proud, loyal heart lowly lies ;
Yet the tall pines of Maine sigh in sorrow for Blaine
As they toss their green heads to the skies.

Our sweet little child, so simple and mild,
Sleeps here under roses so fair ;
Yet, soon we shall go to a clime where no woe
Or sighs can corrode us with care.

Mother and sister, sweetheart and wife,
 Repose from their labors on earth :
 Resting alone, away from all strife,
 Where the soul finds a happy, new birth.
 Yet the citizens dead have always been wed
 To Liberty, Friendship, and Truth —
 Must be honored as well as soldiers who fell
 In the pride of their brave, loyal youth.
 Then, strew sweetest flowers o'er the soldier ;
 But remember the citizen, too,
 Who stood by his conscience in trouble—
 And supported the Gray or the Blue.
 God bless our grand Nation forever,
 God bless every heart fond and true ;
 God bless any soul that won't sever
 The Gray from the Red, White, and Blue!



KENTUCKY.

[Dedicated to the memory of Daniel Boone.]

I have known many heroes of fame,
 Many men who were brave, bright and plucky,
 But I never knew any more "game"
 Than those who were bred in Kentucky.
 For they fought the "Red Coats" at Orleans
 Through swamps that were broad, low and mucky,
 And held up "the Stars and Stripes"
 For great Jackson and "dear old Kentucky."
 It's the land of brave women and men,
 "Blue Grass" and fast horses so lucky ;
 And you'll find there the real "Upper Ten,"
 And "Old Bourbon," the wine of Kentucky.

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

[Dedicated to Admiral Schley.]

The men behind the guns
Are ever rough and ready ;
They fire to wound and kill,
Their aim is quick and steady.

They simply know their duty
On battle-field or sea,
Because their hearts are centered
In law and liberty.

The love they bear their country
Is pure as prayers of nuns ;
Columbia can't be conquered
While they stand behind her guns.

And when the war is over,
From rise to set of suns,
We 'll cheer unto the echo
The men behind the guns.

When honors are divided
And Uncle Sam has funds,
He surely must remember
The men behind the guns.

And Schley shall have great honors,
When official Goths and Huns
Are buried with the cowards
That fell before his guns !



DECORATION DAY POEM.

[Delivered at Winchester, Va., May 30, 1898, under the auspices
of the Union Veteran Union.]

A beautiful scene is this valley so green,
Shut in by its ridges and mountains ;
An Arden it seems of a poet's bright dreams,
With its fields and its crystalline fountains.

The tall peaks look down upon Winchester town,
Old Winchester, noted in story,
Whose daughters are true as empyrean blue —
Whose sons are Virginia's great glory !

Of Winchester stood in the midst of the flood,
As a cliff meets the angry sea-surges ;
While death rode the blast as the grim warrior passed,
And the bells of her love tolled sad dirges !

No more in her streets the hostile drum beats,
No longer the broken line rallies ;
A beautiful gem in a queen's diadem,
She rests in the fairest of valleys.

We 're gathered to-day to honor the clay
Of heroes who fell for the nation ;
We still deeply grieve as garlands we weave
To give them a floral ovation.

The tears that we shed o'er dearly-loved dead
Are tributes we pay to their glory ;
With hearts ever true to the boys who wore blue,
Who 'll live long in song and in story.

They fought and they died in the battle's red tide,
Whose waves broke around them and o'er them ;
Advance and retreat — fierce charges to meet —
The lines that stood sternly before them.

The stars and the bars stood many rough jars,
Shining bright as the steel the foe carried ;
The red, white, and blue — the flag of the true —
Blend our colors, commingled and married.

Thus shall our flag wave, the pride of the brave,
The emblem of hope and salvation.
United we stand, with hand clasped in hand,
To shield this magnificent nation.

On land and on seas our flag braves the breeze ;
We 're a nation of brothers united,
And naught can befall a union where all
Will see that each wrong shall be righted.

These comrades who sleep in silence so deep,
In bivouacs on hilltops eternal,
Shall be dear to each soul while the years onward roll,
And their brave deeds shall live fresh and vernal.

The fountains and rills make vocal the hills
Where the wild Shenandoah is leaping ;
They murmur sweet praise in these bright golden days
O'er the graves where our heroes are sleeping.

Ah, think of that day, when both Blue and Gray
Stood the shock of the cannon's loud thunder ;
When the stars and the bars on the dread field of Mars
Were shattered and riven asunder.

We can not forget, during life's busy fret,
Our dead and their sacred devotion ;
The foe we forgive, and trust all may live
For Union from ocean to ocean.

Yon blue mountain wall will ever recall
Those brave hearts in battle contending ;
Americans all, whom naught could appall,
When home, love, and beauty defending.

And now at this day the Blue and the Gray
Love the flag that great Washington gave us ;
As patriots true, the Gray and the Blue
Will crush every foe that dares brave us.

So let brothers entwine the palmetto and pine,
The palm and the laurel forever ;
The Gray and the Blue must stand firm and true
In bonds that no mortal can sever !



GRANT 'S MUSTERED OUT !

Half-mast the flag, a heart brave and stout
Surrenders at last ; Grant 's mustered out !
Toll the bell slowly, moisten his sod,
Peace to his ashes, glory to God !

Battle and trial shall never again
Harrow the hero in sunshine or rain ;
Gone to a land devoid of all doubt,
His service is over — Grant 's mustered out !

His fame, like a light, shall shine through the years,
Hallowed by memory and watered by tears —
Flags that he carried shall long flap and flout,
A record of glory is not mustered out !

Donelson, Shiloh, the Wilderness, too,
Milestones immortal with deeds of the Blue ;
And this is the man that never knew rout,
Till fate told the world that Grant 's mustered out !

Nations unborn shall visit his tomb,
Reared by the people and lasting as doom,—
Mecca where manhood may kneel without doubt,
Truth everlasting is not mustered out !

HURRAH !

[Dedicated to Hon. Wm. E. Mason.]

Hurrah for the Yankees on land or on sea ;
Hurrah for the heroes of Grant and of Lee ;
Hurrah for the Union, to eternal day ;
Hurrah for the pluck of the Blue and the Gray !

Hurrah for the House, and the Senate so true ;
Hurrah for " Old Glory," the Red, White and Blue ;
Hurrah for the soldier who battles for right ;
Hurrah for the man who strikes first in the fight !

Hurrah for the Nation ; hurrah once again ;
Hurrah for the Yankees who 'll whip dastard Spain ;
Hurrah for Columbia, the pride of the world ;
Hurrah for her banner that 's ever unfurled !



MY COUNTRY.

My country, may you ever be
A land of love and liberty —
A land so brave, so true and strong,
But still my country,— right or wrong !

My country, let your cause be just,
And in the people you can trust,
While honor shall your fame prolong —
My country always,— right or wrong !

My country, happy be your days,
And may you fill the mouths of praise,
And may you live in joy and song —
God bless my country,— right or wrong !

“ REMEMBER THE MAINE! ”

[Dedicated to Captain Sigsbee.]

Remember the Maine, strike first in the fight ;
Clear decks for action and shoot for the right ;
The treacherous Spaniards we 'll sink in the sea,
By heroes who battled with Grant and with Lee.

Remember the Maine and the flag of the free —
That never was conquered on land or on sea ;
Its colors so brilliant, so glorious and true —
The hope of the world — the Red, White and Blue.

Remember the Maine in the midst of the battle ;
Strike down to the death where black cannons rattle —
On ocean or mountain, on valley or plain —
Remember forever, remember the Maine !



OUR STARRY BANNER.

Go, fling our banner to the breeze ;
Avenge at once the lost ship Maine ;
And drive the foe from land and seas —
The treacherous, cruel, dastard Spain.

In triumph let it wave in air,
With all its patriot folds unfurled ;
Its stars and stripes still shining there,
The pride and hope of all the world.

Columbia knows her strength and power ;
Ten million men defend her shore ;
Her loyal sons from hour to hour
Can fight and win forevermore.

We know no North, we know no South ;
We 're one in heart and soul to-day —
United at the cannon's mouth
You 'll find the brilliant "Blue" and "Gray."

Ten million cheers from sea to sea
Resound upon the ambient air,
Proclaiming Law and Liberty
For all the people everywhere.



RAWLINS.

[Delivered at Arlington National Cemetery recently on the reinterment of the late General and Secretary of War John A. Rawlins.]

His race is run, his work is done ;
From morning light to set of sun
He did his duty, brave and true —
A glorious man who wore the "Blue."

He held his course through rain of lead,
Where fell the dying and the dead ;
And honor was his highest prize —
That jewel from the shining skies.

From Captain, and a Double Star,
He rose to Minister of War,
And kept his conscience pure and clear,
Without a blot, a blur or fear.

He loved the State of Illinois,
And cheered her grand heroic Boys —
A battle line, so fierce and free —
"The Army of the Tennessee!"

At Donaldson, and Shiloh, too,
He stood with Grant, so brave and true,
And never faltered, night or day —
To charge upon the gallant "Gray,"

But when the fires of war could cease
He sheathed his sword and prayed for peace ;
And ever after did imbue
A love between the " Gray " and " Blue."

Long may his name and memory be
A treasure to the brave and free,
Who fight on field, on hill and sea,
For God, and Home, and Liberty.

While ages roll from pole to pole,
Each honest heart and lofty soul
Shall keep thy record clear and bright
As stars that glitter in the night.

The grand old Post that bears thy name
For many years shall sound thy fame,
And on each Decoration day
Shall strew thy grave with flowers of May.

And "Arlington " shall ever keep
A guardian angel o'er thy sleep ;
And yonder flag shall ever wave
Its brilliant colors o'er thy grave —
Near comrades that you loved in life,
Who fell amid the battle strife,
Where brother's tears and brother's blood
Flowed freely in a crimson flood,
That guaranteed from sea to sea —
The Union to eternity !

THE OLD SOLDIERS.

Our ranks are growing thinner, every year,
And death is still a winner, every year ;
Yet we still must stick together
Like the toughest kind of leather,
And in any kind of weather, every year.

Our comrades have departed, every year,
And leave us broken-hearted, every year ;
But their spirits fondly greet us
And constantly entreat us
To come that they might meet us, every year.

Our steps are growing slower, every year ;
Pale death is still a mower, every year ;
Yet we faced him in the battle,
Amid the musket's rattle,
And defied his final edict, every year.

We are growing old and lonely, every year ;
We have recollection only, every year ;
And we bled for this grand nation,
On many a field and station,
And with any kind of ration, every year.

Many people may forget us, every year,
And our enemies may fret us, every year ;
But, while onward we are drifting,
Our souls with hopes are lifting,
To heavenly scenes still shifting, every year.

In the maytime of the flowers, every year,
We shall live in golden hours, every year ;
And our deeds be sung in story
Down the ages growing hoary —
With a blaze of living glory, every year !

INDEPENDENCE.

[Dedicated to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.]

Independence is our boast ;
Truth itself is still a host ;
Cuba must and shall be free —
God is law and liberty !

Act to-day, and not to-morrow ;
Cowards end in shame and sorrow ;
Time is flitting fast away —
Forward, fight and win to-day !

Independence now, or death ;
Freedom to our latest breath ;
Lord of Hosts be with us yet —
For the Maine we can't forget !



STANTON.

Immortal Stanton ! thy name and fame shall grow
While all our lakes and streams shall flash and flow,
Or while Columbia holds her onward sway,
And lifts her eyes to greet the God of day.

Great Lincoln and your own strong iron arm
Defended this loved land from hurt and harm ;
And that proud flag that waves so proud in air
Shall flash your glory while a star is there !

As ages come and generations go,
You 'll be to us a fearless, brave Carnot,
Who knew, and felt his duty to the last,
And never faltered till rebellion past.

Green is your memory, and glorious is your grave ;
Forever, over mountain crag and wave,
Your loyal name shall shine as pure and bright
As stars that glitter in an arctic night.

A State, with pride, may claim your brilliant birth,
But names like yours belong to all the earth ;
For he who toils, and dies in Freedom's cause,
Shall reign o'er this great world with love and laws.

"The Boys in Blue," and every Union soul,
Shall sound your praises while the centuries roll,
And honor with unfading flowers of fame
Shall twine her tributes round your deathless name !



THE SOLDIER.

[Written for the *Rank and File*.]

While lauding Generals to the skies,
And standing round their sculptured form,
Let 's not forget to recognize
The rank and file who braved the storm ;
Who bared their breasts where bullets flew ;
Who fell in valley, glade and glen ;
Who died in shot-torn rags of blue ;
Who starved in loathsome prison pen !

Let 's rear a towering shaft of stone,
To pierce the blue and arching sky,
To some dead picket, name — " Unknown,"
Who gave our land his parting sigh ;
And on the top we 'll place his form,
To catch eternal morning light,
To stand through sunshine and through storm,
For Freedom, Union, God and Right !

UNCLE SAM.

Uncle Sam needs more expansion
For a giant of his size,
And a lofty marble mansion,
Reaching upward to the skies ;
His pantaloons ain't big enough,
His hat is much too small,
He 's on a raid to get the stuff —
I guess he 'll take it all.

It 's no use mincing matters
When you 're out upon a raid,
The game is never finished
'Til each fellow's hand is played.
We must stand by faithful Cuba,
And by Porto Rico, too ;
The Philippines must follow,
As a debt to Dewey due !

Then with Hawaii and Canaries
Uncle Sam can have some mirth —
Swell and grow to vast proportions,
'Til he owns the teeming earth ;
Then we 'll flash out dear " Old Glory,"
Keep her evermore unfurled,
'Til the freedom that we now enjoy
Encircles all the world.

When every land and kingdom,
And every serf and slave,
Shall light the torch of liberty
O'er every clime and wave —
And only men of merit
Shall rule upon this sphere,
Who know but truth and justice,
Devoid of fraud and fear.

The Dukes and Kings and Princes
Have had their wicked ways,
But sure as Truth is mighty,
Uncle Sam shall have his days.
The people can't be conquered,
And earth can't hold a slave ;
This world was made for manhood,
For the brainy and the brave.



THE DEAD OF THE MAINE.

[Dedicated to Captain Charles D. Sigsbee.]

The funeral train is passing by,
With mournful, measured tread ;
A solemn dirge sounds on the air
In honor of the dead.

No more shall battle shouts resound,
For those who once were brave ;
Yet Glory weaves her brightest wreath
To decorate their grave.

And loving hands and hearts shall raise
A shaft of lofty form,
To stand while tide and time remain —
Defying sun and storm.

Their names engraven there shall be
To show that not in vain
Died any of the heroes true
Who sank within the Maine.

Their memory shall be cherished long
As ocean waters roll,
And Fame shall sound their lasting praise
On earth, from pole to pole.

And those who for their country die
On blood-red fields of Mars,
Shall shine adown the coming years
Like central suns and stars.

There Honor, in her richest garb,
Shall come in sunny hours
To place above their hallowed tomb
Her sweetest, rarest flowers.

While Luna with her mystic rays
Diffused through creeping cloud
Shall knit for these in midnight rounds
Her spirit, ghost-like shroud.

And over all, the God of Truth
Shall reign forever more,
Until the human race shall rest
On yon eternal shore !



TEAR DOWN THE FLAG !

Tear down the flag, the shining rag
That would a man enslave ;
A tyrant he, on land and sea,
Who tramples on the brave.

Who would be free, on land or sea,
Must strike himself the blow ;
And though he 's weak, with prospect bleak,
He 'll conquer every foe.

He must fight still, on vale and hill,
Unto his latest breath,
And strike for home across the foam,
For victory or death.

That right we claim, for wealth or fame,
We must accord to others ;
And if we 're true, we then must do
Square justice to our " brothers."

Away with greed, and any creed
Without a hope or plan ;
On wave or crag the only flag
Is one that floats for man.

Tear down the flag, the royal rag
That only waves for self ;
A dastard sign, a poison vine,
Of wrong and power and pelf.



ERIN.

[Dedicated to Robert Emmet.]

Oh Erin, sweet Erin, dear land of my fathers,
The tyrant has long held his heel on thy breast ;
But the day of thy bondage is fast disappearing,
For a vision of hope comes out of the west,
Where Liberty's children forever are blest.

Proud Kings from their scepters and thrones soon must
sever,
And the millions of earth shall their own rulers be ;
The people shall reign through their honest endeavor —
Amid peace and plenty, from sea unto sea,
Who live in a land where the poorest are free.

All lands must with Freedom to glory awaken
Whose songs shall re-echo from shore unto shore,
And red-handed tyrants from thrones shall be shaken
Who lord o'er the poor and oppressed never more,
While the eagles of Liberty sail, scream and soar.

The Sunburst shall shine o'er the Liffy and Shannon,
And the harp of old Tara once more thrill with joy,
When the bayonets and muskets, and loud-roaring
cannon
Shall call up remembrance of famed Fontenoy,
And the treason and tyrants we fought to destroy.

I long for the highlands of rough Connamara,
Where the hawk and the eagle rise high on the wing ;
The fox and the roe buck still roam 'mid the heather —
Where Liberty lingers, sweet anthems to sing,
And Freedom awakens the bard's tuneful string.

And there, near the source of some bright rolling river,
Where the trout and the salmon disport in the spray,
Let my soul return to its master and giver ;
Beloved by the muses would I pass away,
To sing through the ages of limitless day.

And when my wild numbers are drowned in death's ocean,
Some bard, sympathetic, may bend o'er my grave
And sing a kind tribute of love and devotion
To one who has worshipped the true and the brave,
And Erin — still pensive beside her green wave.

The day shall soon come when the grave of our hero
Shall be marked by a stone, colossal and grand ;
When Albion, the bluffer and modern Nero,
Shall be routed afar from our dear native land,
And Peace reign forever o'er mountain and strand.

SHERMAN.

The loud alarm of war is past ;
The soldier is at rest ;
The world no more with face aghast
Looks to the bleeding West ;
But loyal hearts beat o'er the land,
And glory has full sway, —
In this Republic, great and grand,
Peace reigns supreme to-day.

Manassas, with its bloody crest,
Shall long remain to tell
How soldiers from the East and West
Upon the Southland fell ;
And where the Stars and Stripes were rent,
By shot and bursting shell,
As if the powers of Pluto lent
A hand to ring its knell.

The fruitful field, where golden grain
Is ripening in the sun,
Was stricken once with leaden rain,
And victory, nobly won ;
And there immortal laurels bloom,
Above the vernal sod,
Where valor sleeps within the tomb —
Embosomed with its God.

No more for those heroic dead
The fires of love shall burn ;
Yet, peaceful from their lowly bed,
When springtime shall return,
The violet's empyrean blue
Shall shine with magic glow
O'er hearts that once beat brave and true —
Alike for friend and foe.

The dread "long roll" no more shall call
These warriors, fierce and bold,
To dash in front and proudly fall,
As Spartans did of old ;
But o'er their graves the Nation keeps
Its vigils night and day,
And Honor weeps where Valor sleeps,
Bedecked with flowers of May.

The brilliant hero that we see
To-day in metal form
Shall live in loyal memory
And be a lasting charm,
And ages yet, great Sherman's name
Shall be a battle cry
Of those who guard our land from shame —
And every foe defy.

And long his deeds shall shine afar,
O'er mountain, vale, and sea,
As brilliant as the morning star
That all the world can see ;
And phantom soldiers marching on
Shall still remain in view,
To keep his memory, when we 're gone,
As pure as morning dew.

I hear again old Shiloh's roar
Upon that April day,
When battling by the river shore
The dead and wounded lay ;
And all night long the gunboat's shell
Went shrieking through the air,
As if the fires of earth and hell
Had concentrated there.

And there, too, at the "Hornet's Nest,"
The brunt of battle broke
Against the fighting, bleeding west,
Beneath the aisles of oak,
When grand, brave Sherman met the flood
Of Johnston's dashing men,
Who reveled deep in human blood,
Like lions in a den.

Atlanta and its bloody field
Shall long remembered be,
Where gallant men were forced to yield—
Retreat down to the sea ;
When Sherman and his "Bummer Boys"
Marched proudly, brave and free,
To capture with a nation's noise
The flag of Hood and Lee.

Fond memory, once again alive,
Beholds the "Grand Review"—
A loyal host in "Sixty-Five"
March up the Avenue,
Where shouts of victory rent the air
From house-top, steeple, dome,
To see "Old Glory" still wave there—
For Union, love and home.

A thousand years of glory
Shall honor Sherman's name,
With a tale in song and story
To keep green his growing fame ;
And down the circling ages,
From the father to the son,
We 'll teach on golden pages
How the fields were lost and won ;

And how a nation battled,
Fought each other hard and true,
Where cannons loudly rattled,
To establish great and new
A temple and a tower
So complete in every plan —
To justice, truth and power,
And the liberty of man !



HURRAH FOR CUBA !

Hurrah for free Cuba, the land of the sun,
The home of the brave and the true ;
She 'll fight to the death till her liberty 's won
With colors of red, white and blue !
With colors of red, white and blue !

CHORUS.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Cuba so true !
Hurrah for the star with red, white and blue !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Cuba so true !
Hurrah for the star with red, white and blue !

Her lone star shall shine o'er that beautiful isle
Like a gem from the heavens above,
And wave o'er the Spaniards, so cruel and vile,
Her emblem of light and of love !
Her emblem of light and of love !

Then sing to the nations for Cuba and right,
For honor, for home and for peace ;
Down with the Spaniard, the dastard old knight,
Whose reign must forever here cease !
Whose reign must forever here cease !

FLORA LEE.

A KENTUCKY MEMORY.

[Dedicated to Col. Will L. Visscher, January 1, 1900.]

My eyes surcharged with memory's tears
Look back through fifty vanished years
And see again the watermill
That clattered 'neath the rocky hill
Where, as a boy, I laughed in glee,
While chasing butterfly or bee,
When sporting with sweet Flora Lee.
The mill has fallen to decay ;
The wheel has long since passed away ;
And none, dear Will, but you and I,
Are left to heave a passing sigh.
The orchard on the hill is lost,
Its limbs and stumps are tempest tossed,
And apple blooms, so sweet and white,
Like thistle down, have taken flight.
The barn rafters, one by one,
Have tumbled down, decayed and gone,
And that dear home, where I had birth,
Has only left a chimney hearth,
Where birds and squirrels flit at play,
As we did once when young and gay.
The graveyard on the hill is seen,
Between the glinting gray and green
Of autumn woods that sway and moan
Like some old anchorite alone,
Whose earthly pilgrimage is past,
And falls beneath the withering blast.
The broken tombstones toppling there,
Like drunken toppers at a fair,



"While chasing butterfly or bee"

No more display the moss-grown name
Of those who toiled for wealth or fame,—
For father, mother, daughter, son,
Were naught but dust when life was done.
The old log school house rots away
Around where once the bright and gay,
With laughter, love, and childish play
Were happy all the live-long day.
The master with his birchen rod
Has long since slept beneath the sod,
Where verbs and nouns at last agree,
And all may solve “the rule of three.”
The sparkling spring, where once we drank,
Is choked with weeds so thick and rank
We scarce can see where bubbles sank
Beneath the sedgy, crumbling bank.
And where are all the girls and boys
That once enhanced our school-day joys ;
Where 's Georgie Gill and Tony Lane,
And Kissie Wright and Bessie Blaine ;
Where 's Howard Barnes and Luther Wine,
And Laura Lindsay — superfine ;
And Emma Gatewood, trim and tall,
And Mary Chiles and Lucy Hall ;
Dear Fannie Raglan, kind and good —
Fine specimen of womanhood ;
And, more than all, on land or sea,
What has become of Flora Lee ?
Long years have passed, with hope and care.
Since I beheld her golden hair,
That floated on the summer air
Like streams of sunshine, rich and rare.
Her gracious smile and rippling curls
Exceeded all the other girls,

And when her laughing voice was heard
'T was sweeter than the song of bird,
Entrancing as a mystic beam,
Or like the echo of a dream.
I wonder if her lot was cast
To bear the burden and the blast
Of those who suffer night and day,
Amid life's frantic, fearful fray,—
Like you and I, who only know
The sorrows of a secret woe ;
Who bleed for others while they play,
With wrinkled brows and heads of gray ;
Who choke down every rising swell
That makes the heart a living hell.
I've spent a checkered, wandering life,
Have known the love of child and wife,
And warred in many a human strife,
Both foot to foot, and knife to knife.
Or has her lot been one of flowers,
Made up of love and happy hours,
Ensconced within sweet home-like bowers
And sheltered from life's pelting showers ?
I trust where'er she be to-day
That loving children round her play ;
And if her hair be gold or gray,
I know her heart is light as spray ;
And laughing voices like her own
Are ringing like a tender tone,
And though long, weary years have flown,
A soul like hers can't be alone.
For over land and stormy sea
I never found such glorious glee
As that which bubbled fond and free
Within the heart of Flora Lee !

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

United we shall ever stand,
Columbia, to eternal day,
A noble nation, true and grand ;
The warp is Blue, the woof is Gray.

At Gettysburg, and Shiloh, too,
We fought like lions brought to bay —
The world admired the Union Blue ;
The world admired the Rebel Gray.

And San Juan Hill shall ever be
A lasting memory to the brave,
Where Blue and Gray, for Liberty,
Were buried in one common grave.

And as the rolling years go by,
On every Decoration Day,
With love and tears and heartfelt sigh,
We 'll honor both the Blue and Gray.

And conquered Spain now knows full well
That Uncle Sam shall hold his sway
Against the powers of earth and hell,
While lasts the Loyal Blue and Gray.



PEACE JUBILEE.

Peace, with her bright white wings, spreads on the air —
When pomp of war, with all its roar and blare,
Has vanished from the field of blood-red Mars
Like murky clouds before the shining stars.
An angel thou, forever hold thy reign,
And save us from the shot of battle pain.

Where brothers bleed, and brothers bravely die,
Beneath an arctic or a tropic sky.
Long may the Dove of Peace hold branch and vine
O'er lands of sun and palm, and snow and pine,
While loved Columbia, from her western home,
Grants freedom to all men, on land and foam.
The Stars and Stripes an emblem still must be
Of liberty and law, from sea to sea ;
And where it waves in any land or clime,
It must remain and triumph over time.
The savage shall be tamed and sent to school,
We 'll teach him that he must submit to rule,
And be a man dependent on himself,
And not rely on priest or power or pelf.
Free Cuba and the Philippines are ours ;
And Destiny, exceeding earthly powers,
Commands us to go forward in the van
And lead the world for brotherhood of man —
Insisting that all nations shall be free,
Where equal rights, and law and liberty,
And one grand, universal Jubilee
Of Peace shall last unto eternity.



“ LION.”

THE DOG'S SOLILOQUY.

Behold in me the image true
Of faith unto the end ;
I know and feel you never knew
A better, braver friend.
I could not swear, or cheat, or lie,
Because I 'm not built that way ;
I 'd rather be a dog and die
Than be but to betray.

THE STORM.

The flash of the lightning and roar of the thunder
Inspire all great souls with the glory of God ;
And thrill the proud heart with a dread, nameless wonder
To witness the stroke of His glittering rod.

The storm king rages like lions in battle ;
The wild winds are grumbling like fiends in distress ;
And heaven's artillery rumble and rattle,
While Nature herself seems to wail and confess.

Grand billows roll high on the broad, heaving ocean,
And wild birds are frantic with fear and despair ;
While the moon and the stars seem to flash with emotion,
And Death rides triumphant with sorrow and care.

But soon the sweet sunshine will beam o'er the waters,
When Nature again shall resume her domain,
And nestle once more with earth's sons and daughters —
O'er mountains and hilltops, seas, valley, and plain.



THE FIRE BELLS.

[Dedicated to the Firemen's Benefit, Lafayette Opera House,
June 8, 1896.]

Hark! the fire bells break the hush of night,
Filling the air with a dread affright ;
The engines rattle along the street,
Behind the clatter of horses' feet ;
And the people run and race and yell —
Rushing along in a wild pell mell ;
The sky is painted with lurid dyes
And volumes of smoke and sparks arise.

'T is there! through the red hot, crumbling wall
The fireman is seen to battle and fall—
To fall like a warrior stanch and brave,
And sink in a seething, fiery grave;
Doing his duty tireless and true;
Dying alone for his home and you!
Pity! Oh, pity! his orphan child
And his widow stricken with grief so wild,
Who 're left alone in this world of care
In their funeral garb so plain and bare;
And out of your store of idle gold
Let Charity help with its means untold,
And over the firemen's memory raise
A shaft for the eyes of future days,
To tell to the world that duty done
Is the grandest glory beneath the sun!



ZEUS.

He holds the lightnings in his hands;
His thunderous voice rules seas and lands;
The mountains tremble where He stands,
And all obey when He commands.

He floods the earth with heat and light;
He chills it with cold winter blight;
And reigns forever, day and night,
The Ruler of the wrong and right.

And what are we but midget men
Encaged within a dreary den,
Like sheep within a pasture pen,
Or thistle down on field and fen.

THE NIGHT.

[Dedicated to Dr. Charles Earl.]

The day may do for this world of care,
For those who battle, conquer and dare ;
But I love the night with its shining stars,
The meteor sparks that fly round mars ;
The northern lights with their rosy dyes,
That flame and flash in the midnight skies ;
The milky way with its belt of light,
Spanning the heavens so pure and bright ;
While the moon in her full majestic sway
Silvers the mountains so old and gray,
As she rules the tides of the ocean wild —
A mother that masters a petulant child.
Oh ! could I but sail like yon lone cloud,
Away from the earth and its storms so loud,
I 'd gladly glide through that upper blue
Where the angels are singing so sweet and true,
Where the soul shall forever its life renew !



NIGHT AND DAY.

The long and weary night is past,
And Phœbus, clad in orient beams,
Rides o'er the lofty mountain tops
To light again the running streams.

The birds make vocal every bough,
Awaking notes of love and praise
To One who rules the universe,
And taught them how to tune their lays.

The dew still shines like diamond dust
On every blade and spray and flower,
The trembling tears of Nature's God,
The jewels of mysterious power.

What though the moon and stars of night
Be emblems of a King Unknown,
I still revere the garish day
Flashed from a great eternal throne.



LYNCHING.

Did you ever feel like lynching
The many or the few,
Or stop to think a moment
That it might come home to you ?

Did you ever think of mobbing
Your fellow, false or true,
And then, just once, imagine
That it might come home to you ?

It's easy to accuse a man,
Whether white or black or blue,
But don't you know, my Christian friend,
It might come home to you ?

Christ himself was crucified
By a rabble murder crew ;
You might endure the fate he felt,
As a Gentile or a Jew.

And if the law can't take its course
And find out what is true,
A lynching mob is apt to bring
A rope or torch to you !

THE RAIN.

The rain, the rain, the beautiful rain,
Descends on the grass and the golden grain,
Refreshing the leaves and the fading flowers,
Singing a song to the fleeting hours.

The murmuring rain, the gentle shower
Drips through the trees in the woodland bower,
Falls on the roof and sinks to the sea,
Where it waters the shores of memory.

Well I remember the days of old,
The cottage porch, and the love she told,
The rain that danced on the trailing vine,
And the beautiful hand that lay in mine.

The snow and the rain of long, long years
Have chilled my heart with the hopes and fears
That filled my soul in the long ago,
Before I had learned the weight of woe.

Her little mound in the churchyard near
I deck with a flower, spray, and tear,
Mingle my sighs with the sounding rain,
And wish for that soft white hand again.

A few more days of pleasure and pain
And I shall sleep 'neath the falling rain,
And all the living above the sod
Must leave their trials and go to God.

It matters little to you or to me
Whether we die on the land or the sea ;
The sun will shine and the rain will fall
And a generous grave will hide us all.

OBITUARY PATHOS.

OUR MARY.

Our darling Mary 's gone above —
I 'm sorry that she went ;
But angels don't wear any clothes,
And shoes don't cost a cent.

BY HER MA.

OUR JOHNNY.

Our little Johnny 's under ground ;
He neither cries nor " hollers " ;
He lived just forty days
And cost us eighty dollars.
No more shall paregoric fret
His stomach day or night ;
I 'm kind of glad, you bet,
That Johnny 's out of sight.

BY HIS PA.

OUR DAISY.

Beneath this slab, devoid of strife,
Lies Daisy, my impulsive wife ;
Her tongue is stilled by cruel death —
Is silent now for want of breath.
On earth her like is seldom seen —
She knew it all, was awful keen ;
And when her soul with passion stirred
She would n't let me say a word,
But talked by night and talked by day,
For Daisy always had her way.
If I by chance again could find
A Daisy of such manlike mind,
You bet your boots and honest life
She'd not become my second wife !

BY HER FAITHFUL HUSBAND.

OUR JIM.

Beneath this cold, gray, sandy stone
Jim Jackson lowly lies —
That 's all he ever did in life ;
“ Dear Papa ” was a prize !
And when he staid away all night
He tried the truth to dodge,
And told us, with a bland, sweet smile,
That he 'd been at “ the Lodge ” ;
But when he snored in mystic tone
We through his pockets went,
And for the silent steps we took
We did n't get a cent !
But in his inside pocket found,
In figures plain and true,
Tom Miller's handsome bogus check
And Johnson's I O U !
So, stranger, drop a tear right here,
For you might have been him ;
“ Our Darling ” loved Old Rye and Beer,
And that 's what killed “ Our Jim ” !

BY HIS LOVING WIFE.



I 'M LONESOME.

I 'm “ lonesome ” since I have quit drinking,
And “ boozing,” and smoking, and such ;
But somehow I 've got down to thinking
That “ a little ” was often too much !
And though I may soon be “ an angel,”
And join all the “ good ” and the “ blessed,”

I shall not forget the " Fine Fellows "
 Who drank when I set up " The Best " !

So, " Boys," you must sigh and forget me,
 And sometimes recall o'er your beers
 That I 'll never rebuke or revile you —
 Your " Old Chum " who has drank forty years !

Yet if in the future I 'm weary,
 And need for my health gin or rum,
 I may join the boys who are " bleary,"
 And again be an " Ass " and " Bum " !



PORK IN POWER.

[Dedicated to You Know Who.]

Yesterday I was a seeker
 For office and glory and cash ;
 To-day I 'm a " Holder," and settled,
 And dine upon fresh Turkey Hash !

Yesterday he climbed the ladder,
 The people put up for his cheer ;
 To-day he 's a big bloated bladder
 And drawing Five Thousand a year !

To-morrow, then, he is forgotten,
 And away to the " Wild, Woolly West,"
 To look like an outcast that 's rotten,
 Or a " cuckoo " without any nest !

WAITING.

How she waited at the window,
When my bank account ran high,
And met me in the midnight hour
With a kind and loving sigh ;
And threw her arms around me
With a sensuous, earnest fold,
And promised that she 'd never
Give me up for fame or gold.

But you ought to see her after,
When my cash account ran low,
And she thought that I was bankrupt,
Buried deep in winter snow :
Like a coward and an ingrate,
The sneaking, sordid thing
Threw her arms around another
As she left me on the wing.

But why should any noble man
Believe that gold can buy
The heart of any woman,
Or truth that can not die :
No ; the wealth that buys a woman
In this, and climes above,
Is simple faith and modest worth,
And honest human love.



WHEN.

When your cash is *non est* it is time that you test
The friends that once fed at your table ;
Then you 'll very soon find you are lost to their minds,
That they 've slipped from your moorings their cable.

When the sunshine of life shall banish all strife,
And you bloom like a rose in the dawning,
You 'll be flattered and wined, be toasted and dined,
By Scrubs who live only by fawning.

When Dame Fortune departs you 'll find only false hearts,
And cowards who talk of your "dreaming";
Little sneaks of low birth crawling over the earth,
Whose friendship was only a seeming.

Never mind what they say, like the ass they must bray,
Or hiss like a snake or a gander;
They are made but to lie, crawl, grovel and die —
Poor paupers that pelfer and pander!

Keep your heart and your pluck and you 'll always have
luck,
Let your soul soar away to the sun;
Let the ingrates pass by, they can never know why
That you 're built like a Thirteen-Inch Gun!



A DOLLAR OR TWO.

[Dedicated to the Washington Elks.]

With circumspect steps as we pick our way through
This intricate world, as all other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two.
For an excellent thing is a dollar or two;
No friend is so true as a dollar or two;
In country or town, as we pass up and down,
We are cock of the walk with a dollar or two.

Do you wish to escape from the bachelor crew,
And a charming young innocent female to woo,
You must always be ready the handsome to do,
Although it may cost you a dollar or two.
For love tips his darts with a dollar or two ;
Young affections are gained with a dollar or two ;
And, beyond all dispute, the best card of your suit
Is the eloquent chink of a dollar or two.

Do you wish to have friends who your bidding will do,
And help you your means to get speedily through,
You 'll find them remarkably, faithfully true
By the magical powers of a dollar or two.
For friendship 's secured by a dollar or two ;
Popularity 's gained by a dollar or two ;
And you 'll ne'er want a friend 'till you 've no more to lend,
And yourself need to borrow a dollar or two.

Do you wish in the courts of the country to sue
For the rights or estate that 's another man's due,
Your lawyer will surely remember his cue
When his palm you have crossed with a dollar or two.
For a lawyer 's convinced with a dollar or two ;
And a jury set right with a dollar or two ;
And though justice is blind, yet a way you may find
To open her eyes with a dollar or two.

If a claim that is proved to be honestly due,
Department or Congress you 'd quickly put through —
And the chance of its payment begins to look blue —
You can help it along with a dollar or two.
For votes are secured by a dollar or two ;
And influence bought by a dollar or two ;
And he 'll come to grief who depends for relief
Upon justice not braced with a dollar or two.

Do you wish that the press should the decent thing do,
And give your reception a gushing review,
Describing the dresses by stuff, style and hue,
On the quiet, hand Jenkins a dollar or two.
For the pen sells its praise for a dollar or two,
And spreads its abuse for a dollar or two ;
Yet you 'll find it is easy to manage the crew
When you put up the shape of a dollar or two.

Do you wish your existence with faith to imbue,
And so become one of the sanctified few
Who enjoy a good name and a well-cushioned pew,
You must freely come down with a dollar or two.
For the gospel is preached for a dollar or two ;
Salvation is reached for a dollar or two ;
Sins are pardoned sometimes, but the worst of all crimes
Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two.

Do you wish to get into a game with a crew
Who sport on the "green" with the "red," "white," and
"blue,"
Or a smart game of "draw," where your chances are few,
You must back up your talk with a dollar or two.
For the "dealer" is fly with a dollar or two ;
And the "banker" is flush with a dollar or two ;
And whate'er you say, they won't let you play,
Unless you come down with a dollar or two.

Should you hanker for Wall Street, as Gentile or Jew,
Where the "bulls" and the "bears" wait for "gudgeons"
like you,
Your pile they will measure and take into view,
And scoop, with a smile, your last dollar or two.
For the "bull" is rampant for a dollar or two,
And the "bear" ever growls for a dollar or two ;

Yet I 'll say on my oath that the broker rules both,
And seldom gets left on his dollar or two.

Do you want a snug place where there 's little to do,
Civil service evade and its rules to break through,
A land bill to pass or a patent renew,
You can fix the thing up for a dollar or two.
For Commissioners see through a dollar or two ;
Even Congressmen wink at a dollar or two ;
And you need not be slow to convince friend or foe
Of the virtue contained in a dollar or two !



LORD BYRON.

[Dedicated to James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet.]

Immortal bard ! thy glorious, royal thought
Sprung from thy brain Minerva-like and caught
The echoes of the fleeting, rolling years
That thrill the music of the sounding spheres ;
Proud, independent, and still a stoic,
Always grand, peculiar, and heroic —
Who looked upon the hypocrites of earth
As crawling worms, unworthy of a birth,
Who only left their slime upon their day,
Were unremembered when they passed away—
Small creatures who are fitted for poor pelf
Who live and die in concentrated self!
But thou, an eagle from some Alpine peak
Bathing its plumage in the cloud-capped foam,
Wandering o'er this world to vainly seek
For truth and love, for honest heart and home.
Beneath Italian skies you sought for peace,
And steered your bounding bark round isles of Greece.

Along the shores of Oriental lands,
Where billows break upon their golden sands.
And o'er the desert wild you loved to roam,
But never found on earth a rest or home.
Giaour, the Venetian, made Hassan bleed
And cleft his head upon the prancing steed,
All for the love he bore sweet Lelia dead —
Where ocean billows broke above her head.
'T is sweet to be revenged on dastard man
And kill a hated tyrant when you can,
Who knows no law within, below, above —
Dark, brutal passion only felt for love !
Now, see the Giaour in his death-bed trance
Clasp lovely Lelia with his parting glance.
Confessed his crimes, defiant of his course,
And died without a pang or feeling of remorse ;
A lone and broken wreck upon the shore,
A brave and royal spirit evermore.
One who could face the shades of death so well,
Defying all the powers of earth and hell.
The bride of Abydos you brightly paint
In colors that Old Time can never taint ;
Her love as constant as the polar star
That shines o'er Arctic night so fair and far ;
And for the youthful Selim she defied
A parent's terror and the world beside ;
Who pledged her happiness, her love in strife,
A shining rainbow in the storms of life ;
Who, when her lover, forced to die and part,
Could rend her soul, one sigh, a broken heart !
Zaleika — from thy cyprus mount on high
Above the billow, near Hellenic sky,
The bulbul and the nightingale doth sing
A requiem as their mighty offering

To one who loved not wisely, but too well,
 Thou paragon of beauty, fare thee well.
 Within the cell of Tasso we may find
 The wreck and ruin of a brilliant mind,
 Who loved beyond his rank and wand'ring state
 Leonora, the princess and ingrate,
 Who, like Alphonso, the mean tyrant duke,
 Could calmly look on wrong and not rebuke.
 Yet all the glories of the house of Este
 Have long since vanished like a fearful pest,
 While Tasso and his love-lit lines shall shine
 Along the rolling years, supreme, divine !
 Byron, 'lone, proud, and friendless everywhere
 Except when sailing with thine own Corsair,
 Conrad, the pirate, and his queenly care.
 The love-lit homicide, the wild Gulnare !
 Yet, in the tower with sweet Medora dead
 You lay upon her breast your aching head,
 And from those wild eyes tears of truth o'erflow
 The sparkling messenger of nameless woe.
 But quickly all these signs of grief depart,
 " In helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart ! "
 Childe Harold, thou licentious Don Juan,
 Yet not thyself in all that thou dost plan,
 " To point a moral and adorn a tale "

For secret scoundrels, hypocrites so frail ;
 Who know themselves as villains, dastard liars,
 Dreading man's detection, perdition fires ;
 Who only prate and preach and never feel
 The glorious impulse of a grand ideal !
 And I have searched the quarry of thy thought
 For marbles rare, uncovered and unbought,
 And delved into thy mind, so sad and lone,
 To find in depths the prisoner of Chillon,

Who dungeoned, for sweet liberty and truth,
The tyrant's portion — for heroic youth ;
That would not yield till all his kindred slept
Beneath the prison stones where he hath wept,
To hear his brothers in their clanking chains
Die with moaning, groans, and patient pains.
Homer, Shakespeare, to thee alone compare,
Godlike, triumvirate, grand, rich, and rare,
Shall shine through all the ages and all time,
The life of virtue and the death of crime !
And, oh ! sweet bard, where'er Augusta lies
And faithful friendship turns to thee her eyes,
There, from the earth the tribute of our tears
Shall melt like dewdrops in the coming years,
And o'er your hallowed dust we 'll send a sigh
For one immortal soul that can not die !



HOPE ON.

Don't bother 'bout sneaks or sorrow,
They come like the stinging briars ;
Hope on for a brighter morrow,
And keep up your vestal fires.

The storms will soon be over,
When the sun shall intervene,
And the bees will sip the clover
While the daisies bloom between.

For God is good in His glory,
And He knows what is always best ;
It is simply "the old, old story,"
That through sorrow we find sweet rest.

NAPOLEON.

A wreck of ambition, deserted, alone,
He rode o'er the bones of mankind to a throne ;
Men, women, and nations were playthings to him,
A great goblet of blood he quaffed to the brim.
The faithful of France he slaughtered for fame,
While kings were his pawns and queens were his game ;
His conquering eagles o'er Alpine snow
Rushed down like an avalanche freighted with woe ;
The fierce storms of old Moscow, fanning its fire,
Compelled the invader to turn and retire,
And leave untold thousands to die in his track
For vultures to feed on and Cossacks to hack.
The star of his destiny sunk out of view,
Eclipsed in the blood of his last Waterloo ;
Then, exiled from France, his hope and his pride,
Caged like a lion, he fretted and died.
A marvelous meteor that flashed o'er the wave,
To darkle at last in the gloom of the grave.
Far better the lowest, poor peasant of France,
Who toils in his vineyard or joins in the dance,
Than all of his glory in battle array
That sooner or later will vanish away.
Peace, virtue, and truth are the jewels of joy —
The hope of the world, without base alloy ;
The gifts of our Maker, the best on this sod,
The glory of genius and tributes of God.
Vain, vain, all the pomp of Napoleon's high pride ;
Broken-hearted, alone, disappointed, he died,
And left to the world but the sound of his name —
The fool of ambition, the football of fame !



FORWARD !

[Dedicated to the First Regiment, District of Columbia.]

Death to the Spaniard on land or on sea ;
The reign of the robber is o'er ;
Columbia, forever faithful and free,
Shall drive him away from our shore.

The eagle shall soar o'er the vulture of Spain,
For the blood of the noble and brave
Cries loud from the wreck of the battleship Maine
As it mourns with the wail of the wave.

Forward! Guide Right! Shoot first in the fight ;
Be our banner of glory unfurled ;
Then Liberty true, with the Red, White and Blue,
Shall enlighten the rest of the world !





"Forward! Guide Right" Shoot first in the fight"

HANCOCK.

To-day we proudly dedicate
 A monument of matchless mold
To this grand hero of the State,
 Whose heart was pure as virgin gold.
The victor's crown rests on his head,
 No more his serried columns jar ;
He views the heroes whom he led
 On many a bloody field of war.

Long ages yet shall look upon
 This glorious warrior brave and true,
Who drew his sword in "Sixty-one,"
 And battled for the Union "Blue."
A "Blue" that never yet knew fear
 Of foreign or domestic foe,
And with its stars from year to year
 Shall shine as centuries come and go.

And even when brass and bronze shall fade,
 And granite crumbles to the dust,
His deeds shall shine o'er sea and glade,
 Unsullied by corroding rust.

And while the Keystone State shall live
 To bind the arch that spans this land,
Our praise and love we 'll freely give
 To one so noble, pure, and grand.

Old Fredericksburg, the Wilderness,
 Cold Harbor with its bloody name,
Shall still our minds and hearts impress
 To glorify his well-earned fame.

And Gettysburg, with all its woe,
 Shall keep his deeds as fresh and bright
Within the soul of friend or foe
 As glittering stars in arctic night.

And while for freedom we shall sing,
We 'll not forget our Hancock's name
Among grand men — a prince and king,
A towering crag of earthly fame ;
The man that Spottsylvania's field
Shall long embalm in song and story,
A hero who would never yield —
A blaze of war's unfading glory.

At Petersburg, through shot and shell,
He held his onward, upward way,
Where crater fires were belching hell
And Satan ruled the fearful day ;
With charge on charge, he forced the foe
To fly like leaves before the blast ;
'T was all he knew, or cared to know —
The Union cause must win at last.

Hancock, the type of manly mold,
Shall teach to men and States unborn
That liberty is our stronghold
From darkest night to brightest morn ;
That this republic, now, as then,
Can stand against the world at large —
With leaders and with loyal men
To face the fiercest, wildest charge.

No slave pollutes this glorious land,
No tyrant breathes our radiant air,
From shore to shore we still withstand
The growling lion in his lair ;
And to the soldier we shall give
The victor's wreath and laurel crown —
Imperial honors while we live —
Immortal glory and renown.

He stooped not to the rabble crowd,
Nor cringed before a party lash ;
He did his duty plain and proud,
A Sidney in his charge and dash ;
A mind where valor reigned alone,
A cavalier of God-like form ;
A bugle blast of purest tone,
A Bayard in the roaring storm.

And when the fires of war had ceased
The Constitution was his guide ;
To all mankind he spread a feast,
Proclaiming peace both far and wide ;
And all his acts from day to day
Were honest, broad, and kind and true,
For justice for the conquered " Gray "
And justice for the " Boys in Blue."

No monument, however great,
Can symbolize his word and deed :
He looks the soldier of the State,
Bestride that bronze, heroic steed ;
And Ellicott may well be proud
To gaze upon his matchless art,
While cheers and praises from the crowd
Find echo in his heaving heart.

While lauding Hancock to the skies,
And standing round his sculptured form,
Let 's not forget to recognize
The rank and file who braved the storm ;
Who bared their breasts where bullets flew.
Who fell in valley, glade, and glen ;
Who died in shot-torn rags of blue ;
Who starved in loathsome prison pen.

THE SOUL.

The moment of birth we begin to die,
And weep and mourn, and struggle and sigh ;
And toddling along through the fleeting years,
We sow for the harvest of smiles or tears.

It matters little, whether rich or poor,
Each heart and soul must its troubles endure ;
And whether we live on the land or wave,
We sink at last to the gloom of the grave.

Then while we are here let us laugh and sing,
Whether pauper, peasant, hero, or king,
And be kind to all that we chance to meet
In the lonely dells or the crowded street.

The soul shall live in some radiant sphere,
Unloosed from the shackles that bind it here ;
And though there be doubts to our latest breath —
Let us still believe that "there is no death."



THE FARMER.

I 'm King of the Soil, and the point of my plough
Writes the record of peace for the year
On the parchment of earth ; by the sweat of my brow
I toil with a jolly good cheer.

When spring comes around I 'm off to the field
At the rise of the sun's golden ray,
To labor, and trust that the harvest will yield
What I plant in the furrows to-day.

The roots of the peasant and bread of the Prince
Are products that come from my toil ;
They 'd hunger and die, and forever go hence,
Were it not for the King of the Soil.

The soldier and sailor that fights for his cause
Are forever dependent on me ;
Without me they could not sustain honest laws
Over land, over river, or sea.

Then three cheers for the farmer, King of the Soil,
The hero of labor and love ;
If his rights are not recognized down here below,
I know they 'll be honored above !



A CURE.

There 's a cure for every heartache ;
There 's a joy for every grief ;
There 's a gain for all our losses
If we only seek relief.

Do not sit in idle moaning,
But march onward to the field,
Where honor ever conquers
And the brave can never yield.

Be the first to meet the battle,
Strike while others halt and pine ;
Forward with the muskets' rattle ;
Be the oak and not the vine.

VAIN LITTLE MAN.

[Dedicated to puffed and pampered people.]

I saw him yesterday in lusty health,
Surrounded by the glare of pomp and power,
But all the train attracted by his wealth
Could not insure him life one single hour.

To-day I viewed him confined and confined,
Borne by a cortege to the silent tomb ;
His friends and fortune left so far behind,
And he enshrouded in the graveyard gloom.

To-morrow's sun will see his fading fame,
And even the memory of his deeds shall die ;
The world will soon forget his lofty name,
As it forgets the meteors flashing by.

His glory and his strength alike have flown ;
His life was but a writing on the sand ;
The palace he reared strange men shall own,
And none will speak his name in all the land !



THE ORIGINAL TOAST.

[Dedicated to John L. Burkart.]

Here 's to the man with his heart in his hand,
And the woman who will not resign ;
Who sticks to her hero on sea or on land,
Loves honor and flowers and wine.
And here 's to the truth of an honest, square friend,
On mountain, in valley, on wave,
Who 'll stand in adversity unto the end,
And be with his heart at your grave.

REST.

Yon sunset rays with golden hue
Enwraps the cloud-capped stormy west,
Yet somewhere, if I'm pure and true,
I'll find relief, reward, and rest.

I long for all that 's bright and brave,
I hope for all that 's great and blest,
I know that o'er the lone, green grave
There is celestial peace and rest.

I soon shall face the dread Unknown,
With nerveless hands across my breast :
A broken harp bereft of tone —
A form of clay at perfect rest.

For God is good, and right is right,
And all that 's noble, kind and best,
Shall live while stars and suns give light
Where weary hearts gain blissful rest.



MADAME DE STAËL.

Grandest of women, proud, glorious and free,
Your fame still sounds like the roar of the sea.
When Justice and Liberty battled for right
Your voice was the loudest in front of the fight ;
When Nature and Love spread their wings on the gale
Your voluptuous form in triumph could sail ;
And over the world you still can be seen,
With Delphine, Germania, and lovely Corrine,
Where power and passion are ever in view,
And the pleasures of life are inmixed with the rue.

Great Alpine heights, in their mantles of snow,
Might tell of your heart-breaks, wand'rings and woe ;
And Russia and Poland, and England and Rome,
Once claimed the loved exile expelled from her home
By Napoleon, the tyrant, who never was true,
And who ran like a poltroon from famed Waterloo,
And left to the world but the sound of his name —
The fool of ambition, the football of fame !



WEBSTER.

[Unveiling of Webster Statue, January 18, 1900.]

Like some grand crag that lifts its rugged form,
He bares his beaming brow to sun and storm ;
Or like a lofty light-house by the sea,
His rays of genius flashes o'er the free.

At Bunker Hill his burning words shone bright ;
And on its summit beams of morning light
Still gild the monument now old and gray,
That 's flecked and kissed by sunset's parting ray.

While " Liberty and Union " bless this land,
" Inseparable," " forever " let us stand —
A people and a nation without peer —
A band of brothers, brave, devoid of fear.

The statesman in the statue shines to-day,
A glory to the earth like yonder milky way ;
And down the ages, through our smiles and tears,
We 'll cherish Webster for a thousand years.

The Donor and the Sculptor, with our praise,
Shall live through long and happy, cheering days ;
But Daniel Webster, brilliant, brave and bright,
Shall shine immortal like the stars of night.

THE SENATE CHAPLAIN.

Through rain and hail, and slush and snow,
The Chaplain takes his way ;
Although he 's blind and gray and slow,
His soul is bright as day.

He totters to yon marble pile,
Beneath that lofty dome,
With heart and faith devoid of guile,
For earth is not his home.

There, listening sages hear his prayer,
Poured forth with fervent zeal,
To Him who 's here and everywhere
When mortals humbly kneel.

Blessed be the good, gray, honest head
That teaches us to be
A people who shall ne'er be led
But by proud Liberty!



WALTER M. MORELAND.

Sweet be the flowers that bloom above his grave ;
Green be the spot where weeping willows wave ;
And there the warbling birds, the whole year round,
Shall sing his praise in liquid, mystic sound ;
And morning, with her warmest, brightest ray,
Shall gild the turf that wraps his manly clay ;
While sunset beams, with glowing, mellow light,
Shall bid our noble friend Farewell ! Good night !

POE.

Matchless, insane, volcanic child ;
A light-house in the gloom ;
A Genius, lofty, weird and wild,
Triumphant o'er the tomb.

Unborn ages yet shall kneel
Around thy peerless light,
And other lofty minds shall feel
Thy intellectual might.

A meteor flashing through the sky ;
A phantom ship at sea ;
The sorrow of a love-felt sigh —
Fathomless and free !



BOBBY BURNS.

John Barleycorn was always great.
He lived by sudden turns,
And had a genial trotting mate
In glorious Bobby Burns.

John Barleycorn was ever gay,
And generous unto sorrow ;
He borrowed all he could to-day
And seldom paid to-morrow.

John Barleycorn will never die,
For he is mighty lucky ;
He first appeared in good Old Rye
And then in Old Kentucky.

WASHINGTON.

[Dedicated to the American soldier.]

Washington, greatest man of all the ages ;
Warrior, statesman, strongest of the sages ;
God-given, colossal and pure and brave —
Matchless mortal who triumphs o'er the grave.

Washington, Columbia knows thy deathless name,
Pinnaced in rugged crags of lasting fame ;
Freedom's prophet and radiant as the stars —
The grandest Marshal on the field of Mars.

While suns and spheres shall round us roll,
And love and truth entrance the human soul,
The world will cherish what your valor won —
Immortal, glorious, our own Washington.



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Such men as Foster never die ;
They shine like stars in arctic sky ;
Their laugh and song sounds through the years,
Dispelling sorrow, pain and tears.

“ Old Uncle Ned ” and “ Swanee Ribber ”
Will linger down the years forever,
And mellow every heart and soul
That 's kind and true from pole to pole.

“ Kentucky Home,” and “ Old Folks,” too,
Still brighten life like morning dew ;
And “ Massa in de Cold, Cold Ground ”
Will bring us tears with love profound.

The Poet's pen and mystic tune
Inspire us in the midnight noon ;
For he who writes the songs we sing
Is greater far than crown or king.

He cares not for the sordid cause,
Nor who invents or makes the laws ;
He only cares to crush all wrongs,
And for his nation writes her songs.

When pomp and power shall pass away
The Poet soars in deathless lay ;
And even when Earth is old and gray
His songs shall triumph o'er his clay.



IN THE LIBRARY.

[Dedicated to Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford.]

In the midst of old tomes I am thinking,
As the twilight envelopes the day,
While Hesperus is blinking and winking,
As the glory of Sol melts away.

The shadow of Homer is near me,
As it was when I once beamed a boy ;
I feel that his spirit now hears me
Reciting the glories of Troy.

And Horace, and Shakespeare and Byron,
And Dante and Milton and Poe,
My soul with celestials environ,
As I dream of the lost long ago.

The masters of long vanished ages
In serried battalions march by,
Displaying their classical pages,
Bright as stars in a tropical sky.

And the muses are sporting and blending
Where Apollo is tuning his lyre,
With Bacchus and Hebe attending
The Olympian Gods and their choir.

O, let me forever commingle
With the Gods and the Heroes of thought,
And roam in the dells and the dingle
Where proud manhood has labored and fought.



A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

[Dedicated to the memory of Maj. John A. Logan, killed November
12, 1899, Philippine Islands.]

Let me like a soldier die,
Fighting foes in battle ;
Facing only Fate and sky —
Where cannons loudly rattle.

Let me like a soldier die
Upon the field of glory —
Loving comrades standing by
Who 'll sound my name in story.

Let me like a soldier die
Where battle "yells" are sounding ;
Glorious death forever nigh,
And God's own love surrounding !

MATTIEVAN.

I 'm dreaming of my darling night and day ;
My life with her is one sweet, perfect plan ;
Her bright eyes, like the sunshine of the May,
Sparkle love, and whisper, " Mattievan."

Her voice comes in the midnight lone,
And lingers at my pillow but to scan
A heart that beats for one sweet girl — my own,
My darling little sweetheart — Mattievan.

Just see her in the waltz, so light and free!
A jewel on the breast of any man.
She may flirt with all the world, but to me —
My own dear little sweetheart — Mattievan.





*"Just see her in the waltz, so light and free!
A jewel on the breast of any man."*

MY LOVE.

My love for thee is like the rose
That blushes in the morning sun,
And turns its inmost heart to thee
When night has come and day is done.

My love for thee is like the breeze
That kisses every fragrant flower.
And bears away the sweet perfume
That breathes for love from hour to hour.

My love for thee is like the sea
That sings and sounds on every shore,
And when the storms of passion rise,
'T is then I 'm thine forevermore.

My love is like the sunny beams
That slumber on the bounding wave,
Immortal as ecstatic dreams
That thrill the soul beyond the grave.

My love is like the twilight stars
Reflected on a summer sea,
Still shining o'er the bays and bars
That rim the shores of memory.

My love is like the mystic moon
That rules the ebb and flowing tide,
That in its beaming, nightly noon
Enwraps the ocean as a bride.

My love for thee is like the fire
That burns within volcanic isles :
Undying, rising higher and higher ;
Eternal in your soothing smiles !

THE SEA.

How I long to roam o'er the bounding sea,
Where the waters and winds are fierce and free ;
Where the wild bird sails in his tireless flight,
As the sunrise scatters the shades of night ;
Where the porpoise and dolphin sport at play
In their liquid realm of green and gray.
Ah, me ! It is there I would love to be
Engulfed in the tomb of eternity !

In the midnight hour when the moon hangs low
And the stars beam forth with a mystic glow ;
When the mermaids float o'er the rolling tide
And Neptune entangles his beaming bride —
It is there in that phosphorescent wave
I would gladly sink in an ocean grave —
To rise and fall with the songs of the sea,
And live in the chant of its memory.

Around the world my form should sweep —
Part of the glorious, limitless deep ;
Enmeshed by fate in some coral cave,
And rising again to the topmost wave,
That curls in beauty its snowy spray
And kisses the light of the garish day ;
Ah ! there let me drift when this life is o'er,
To be tossed and tumbled from shore to shore.



ENVY.

Care not for the envious rabble
Who are only dregs and dross ;
Malice, hate and garbled gabble,
Are the nails upon their cross.

Day by day they feed on slander,
Hating those who rise and soar,—
Pauper minds that only pander —
Sordid creatures to the core.

Toss your flowing locks above them ;
Scorn their praise and sneaking ways ;
Soar beyond their fickle knowledge
Into happier, brighter days.

God has made you like the eagle —
Proud and lonely in his flight ;
Pure and brilliant, rich and regal,
Like the glittering stars of night.



LOST.

[Dedicated to the disappointed.]

What is a palace or home to me
When the fires of love are dead,
And the ashes of hopes are buried
With the joy of the bridal bed.

I want no sordid, simpering thing
Who lives for fashion and gain,
Who only loves the glare of wealth —
Departing in trouble and pain.

Far better to live on a crust of bread,
With the heart that is fond and true,
On whose loving breast you can lay your head
And believe it is all for you.

SALUTATORY.

[On opening Lafayette Square Opera House, Washington, D. C.,
September 30, 1895.]

This night we dedicate to art
A temple where the muse takes wing,
And where each actor plays his part
As peasant, gentleman or king.

We 'll try to please the public taste,
And give to all a welcome cheer,
And show that genius can be chaste,
And hold her own from year to year.

We 'll play the play that most accords
With virtue in her grandest flight,
And give to wrong her just rewards ;
Show up the villain day and night.

Great Shakespeare shall our master be,
With " Hamlet," " Lear," and " Cæsar " too,
And " Romeo," with his gallantry,
Shall woo fair " Juliet," fond and true.

" Othello " with his jealous love ;
And " Richard " with his cruel heart ;
" Ophelia," like a lonely dove,
Shall walk these boards and play their part.

" Midsummer Nights " shall bring you peace,
And " Winter's Tale " shall long be told,
Still seeking for the Golden Fleece
That roused the soul in days of old.

Here " Shylock," for his pound of flesh,
Shall seek the bankrupt's sinking heart,
Entangling in his miser mesh
The man who seeks his monied mart.

“ She Stoops to Conquer ” shall be played
With all its merry scenes and joy,
And Goldsmith’s spirit shall pervade
The acts and scenes without alloy.

Dear “ Rip Van Winkle ” and “ Our Joe ”
Shall act as one their heart-felt part,
And “ Schneider ” in his lonely woe
Would know the master of his heart.

Poor “ Billy Florence ” we shall miss,
No more his “ Slote ” or “ Brierly ” cheer,
Or “ Cuttle ” in his bounding bliss,
Provoke the laugh, the sigh or tear.

Yet other actors here shall play
The parts he took in joy or strife ;
But none, I fear, can act his way
And paint the colors true to life.

Here Patti, that great child of song,
Shall thrill the heart of those who roam,
And with her magic notes prolong
The glory of dear “ Home, Sweet Home.”

Here “ Terpsichore ” ; and “ Thalia,” true
To Nature and her honest laws ;
“ Melpomine ” shall be here too,
And try to merit your applause.

Here merry “ Falstaff ” shall be heard,
With all his acts and jokes at play,
And many minds will then be stirred
By laughing lazy hours away.

And as the ages come and go,
We 'll still display the deathless art,
And teach that in our weal or woe
The fount of love is in the heart.

Here Lillian Russell, now, to-night,
Will sing De Koven's matchless airs,
And thrill the heart with scenes so bright ;
Dispelling all your trials and cares.



GENERAL GARCIA.

Such men as Garcia never die!
Like stars that glitter in the sky,
O'er storms and clouds they still shine on ;
Their glorious light is never gone,
But through the circling, rolling years
They win our smiles and dry our tears,
And over every land and sea
They light the torch of Liberty!
Long shall Free Cuba love thy name ;
In lasting bronze prolong thy fame,
And every rock, and rill, and river,
Shall sound the patriot's name forever.



MY HOME.

A PATHETIC SONG.

Though friends betray and pass away
When I shall cross the ocean foam,
Yet to the long, eternal day,
I 'll claim your loving heart my home.

And to the sunset of my years,
No matter where my footsteps roam,
I'll cherish you through smiles and tears,
And b'lieve your honest heart my home.

Through all the struggles of my life,
In cot, in castle, or in dome,
My soul has triumphed over strife,
Because your heart is still my home.



LAUGHING VOICES.

[Dedicated to the memory of departed friends.]

How the loving, laughing voices
Of the past come back to me,
As I wander tired and lonely
O'er life's troubled, stormy sea ;
And they bring me consolation
When all other joys are fled —
For I 'm dying with the living,
And I 'm living with the dead.

How the years have scarred my features ;
And the ingrates torn my heart ;
How the battle bayonets glisten —
Where I played the bravest part.
Yet those loving, laughing voices
Sound forever in mine ear,
And thrill my soul with pleasure
Every hour and day and year.

In the midnight of my sorrow,
Far away from friends and home,
I can hear those laughing voices
When in foreign lands I roam ;
And their faces come to gladden
When all other ones have fled —
Yes! I 'm dying with the living,
And I 'm living with the dead !



NOW AND THEN.

I 'll not need your loving kindness
When my head is pillowed low,
Nor the truth and faith you gave me
In the pleasant long ago ;
But my spirit shall be near you
In the night of grief and care,
And when other friends shall leave you
I 'll be close and nestle there.

I 'll not hear your loving accents
Breathing music sweet and low,
When the evening shadows linger,
And the clouds sift down the snow.
Well I know your heart will cherish
All that makes my memory dear,
When the withered leaves are falling
In the autumn of the year.

So, before we part, my darling,
Let us learn this lesson true ;
That the present is the season
To caress, and dare, and do !

If you have a flower to give me,
Let me know its sweets to-day ;
Place it not upon my coffin
When my soul has passed away.



SWEET LIZZIE.

I have wandered o'er mountains and seas far apart,
Where the wild winds of heaven are free,
But I never saw one who so thrilled my lone heart
As dear Lizzie, who loved only me.

CHORUS

O, Lizzie, sweet Lizzie, I am coming to thee ;
My soul is afloat on the blue bounding sea.
Long years have gone by since we sat on the shore
And plighted our vows to the sea ;
She has gone o'er the billows, is lost evermore,
My sweet Lizzie, who loved only me.
But soon I shall follow my angelic bride
And clasp her in glory so free,
And sail with the surf that shines high on the tide,
To bright Lizzie, who loved only me !



FATALITY.

[Dedicated to Presumption, Pelf and Pride.]

A few more days and all this world for me
Will vanish like the surf upon the sea,
And yon bright sun that I behold to-day
Shall only shine upon my pulseless clay.
The flowers will never bloom again for me,
Nor loved ones play or clamber on my knee ;

But lost to earth and every living friend,
My name and fame shall reach its final end.
The snows of sixty winters crown my head,
And scores of loyal, loving friends are dead ;
And all that's left to me is grief and care —
No sincere smile to greet me anywhere.
The hollow-hearted world drifts along ;
The weak are overwhelmed by the strong ;
And pampered power, entrenched with shining gold,
Rides over right where hearts are bought and sold ;
While force and fraud holds secret, sinful sway,
And Mammon is the reigning God to-day !
The pauper, prince and peasant only feel
That crime is the detection, not the steal,
And that with gold you wipe out every flaw
And purchase lawyers who can twist the law.
The judge upon the bench, with solemn face,
Is often but a dastard and disgrace ;
And holds the scales of justice as of old,
But tips the balance at the beck of gold.
The moulders and the weavers fashion wears ;
The huntsmen and the statesmen lay their snares
To catch the best of life where folly flies,
And cheat their victims with smooth, liquid lies.
The doctor, with his powders, cups and pills,
Will save creation from its aching ills,
And make old things as perfect as the new ;
With gold he 'll cure the many or the few.
The preacher in the pulpit talks for pay,
From gosling green, till old and weak and gray,
And lets imagination have full sway —
Poetic, patient, pleasant, sometimes gay,
Not knowing what he 's doing with the crowd,
But thinks he 's preaching when he 's talking loud !

The farmer in the spring must plant his grain ;
And trusts that with the sun and showering rain
He 'll reap a harvest great and manifold,
And fill his coffers with bright, clinking gold ;
But cold and heat, and bugs and vagrant flies,
With storms descending from the chilling skies,
Make havoc of his hopes and patient care
And leaves but doubt and debt, with fields so bare.
The soldier, with his power and pomp and pride,
Seeks lasting glory where his comrades died,
And charges on the foe to win a name
That long shall glitter on the rolls of fame ;
He cares not where he falls, on land or sea,
He only craves for immortality ;
And waves his flag forever in the air,
And, dying, knows that it 's still shining there.
The sailor, too, wherever he is cast,
Is constant, faithful in the withering blast ;
And when wild, fearful storms loudly roar
Against the jagged rocks that line the shore
His heart is still undaunted to the last ;
And even in death he 's lashed unto the mast ;
And if on arctic waves or tropic seas,
He never to the foe shall bend his knees ;
But speaks through roaring guns without a brag—
For wife and sweetheart, country, home and flag.
The patriot, the poet and the sage,
Have sought for glory in each circling age ;
Yet even these lofty pioneers of truth
Have wasted hope and health and lusty youth
To reap from all the flowery fields of thought
Immortal roses, and have found them naught
But briars by the wayside of to-day
That bloom and sting and grow but to decay.

So each one in his different sphere to-day
Is but a mass of animated clay,
"To point a moral or adorn a tale,"
For those who now succeed, shall quickly fail ;
And those who rise and fall at mammon's beck
Shall end at last a crumbling, total wreck ;
And even the memory of their power and name
Shall surely vanish from the page of fame ;
While tombs and towers o'er the bright and brave
Shall topple on their lone, forgotten grave ;
Then we must know and feel that wealth and trust
Can't save us from becoming destined dust !



THE ROCKS IN THE RIVER.

[Dedicated to Miss Clara, recently married.]

As your life glides along like the strain of a song
Or a smile from the lips of THE GIVER,
Keep a ward on your tongue, and fresh air in your lungs,
But beware of the rocks in the river !

Your marital boat is to-day fast afloat,
And the sunlight as blessings now quiver,
And sweet love with its cheer, shall be yours year by year.
Yet look out for the rocks in the river !

So be pure, true and just, then with Faith, Hope, and Trust,
You will always retain a good liver !
And be rich, fine and kind, with a jolly good mind,
And steer over the rocks in the river !

And when life is all o'er, on some beautiful shore,
We shall meet once again the GREAT GIVER,
Where the true man and wife, in a loftier life,
Row away from all rocks in the river !

MARIE.

The stars shine bright, the rivers roll along,
And life floats smoothly as a summer song;
The wavelets kiss the sands upon the sea,
And in my dreams I press thy lips, Marie.

Sweet memory with her magic charm displays
The smiles and friends I loved in boyhood days :
But none appears so fond and fair and free
As my beatific beauty, dear Marie.

In all the troubles of my wand'ring life,
In all my sins and sorrows, grief and strife,
I still am cheered, on valley, mount and sea,
Whene'er I ponder on my pure Marie.

Although another love may thrill you now,
And print warm kisses on your marble brow,
I think and know and feel that none like me
Has loved so long and true, my sweet Marie.



CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

There 's crape on the door, my heart is so sore
For the beauty and love that I cherished ;
Her life it is past, like dust on the blast,
Or the blush on the rose that has perished.

There 's crape on the door ; alas ! nevermore
Shall I gaze on her image to-morrow ;
She 's gone like a dream, my beautiful beam,
That shone in my moments of sorrow.

There 's crape on the door, down in my heart's core
There 's a scar that will last o'er the billow
Of time undefiled, till I meet my lost child,
And sleep by her side 'neath the willow.

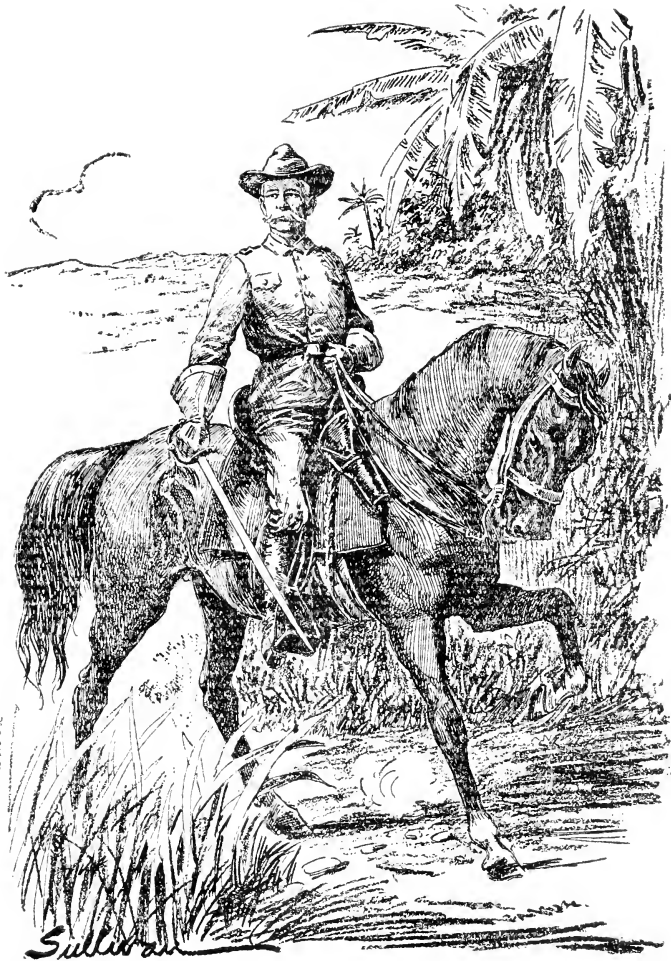
LAWTON.

He who dies for home and country
Can not die in vain ;
Memory of his deeds shall linger ---
Deathless is his fame.

Battle fame is still eternal ;
Suns and stars illumine ;
Love and Truth can never perish ---
Triumphs o'er the tomb.

Lawton's fame shall live forever ;
Sound his praises high ;
Grave upon the sculptured marble ---
Worth can never die!





"Lavton's fame shall live forever!"

OH ! HELEN !

Oh ! Helen Prentice Donohue,
Is your father from Mayo ?
“ God knows ” it matters little,
So your husband is De Deyo.

And may you live a thousand years
Without a tale of woe —
In love and peace, devoid of fear,
With your “ Dandy Boy ” — De Deyo.

May your children in the parlor,
And your children in the street,
Be bright as diamonds day and night,
So “ purty,” “ nate,” and sweet.

And when your time shall come, “ me love,”
To go where all must go,
I hope you 'll shine in heaven above
With your “ Darlin' Duck ” — De Deyo !



GENIUS.

A Genius cares not for the crowd :
He walks alone the path of life,
And though the storm be long and loud,
He triumphs over every strife.

The laws that bind the rabble crew
Can not control his lofty mind ;
He soars into the welkin blue —
And leaves the crawling things behind

Genius! sweet nurse of great design,
Reign o'er my heart and soaring soul;
I worship at thy mystic shrine,
And knowing thee, I know the whole.

The canvas glows beneath thy hand,
The marble breathes with human face,
And strains of music thrill the land —
The Muses Nine thy soul embrace.

Dark Envy with her sneaking sneer,
And Malice with her cruel blows,
Pursues him ever far and near —
A shining mark for dastard foes.

O'er seas unknown and lands afar
The Genius steers his certain course,
With Truth his guide and polar star
And God his only shield and source.



THE "HAS BEENS."

How the "Has Beens" make me tired,
As they squirm and fume and fret,
Like a Jackass that is mired —
They don't know when it 's wet!

Like "Tooly Tailors" groaning,
Because of cruel fate,
They imagine they 're the People,
And the balance of the State!

But if they only knew it,
Their howl and squeal and gas
Is a feeble imitation
Of the braying of an ass!

Let them howl and squeal and revel ;
It is all that they can do,
Except going to the Devil,
With his disappointed crew !



HURRAH FOR DAVE HENDERSON !

AIR.—“ Rally Round the Flag.”

We are coming, David Henderson,
A hundred more and strong,—
Shout in the battle cry of freedom ;
To put you in the Speaker's chair,
It will not take us long —
Shout in the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for Dave Henderson,
He 's one of the “ Boys ”—
He has captured the “ New Yorkers,”
And votes from Illinois ;
Then we 'll rally round the “ Speaker,”
Rally true and strong —
Shout for the glory of our David.

He is known throughout the Union
As loyal, kind and true —
Shout in the battle cry of freedom ;
And he lost his leg in battle,
While fighting for the “ Blue ”—
Shout in the battle cry of freedom.

Old David slew Goliath,
And Lincoln freed the slave —
Shout in the battle cry of freedom ;

So Henderson shall conquer,
Because he 's bold and brave —
Shout in the battle cry of freedom.

And sure as suns and stars
Shine brightly everywhere —
Shout in the battle cry of freedom;
Dave Henderson is marching
To take the "Speaker's Chair" —
Shout in the battle cry of freedom.



FIRST KISSES.

The years have vanished with all their blisses
Since first I purloined your passion kisses,
Snatched from your lips in the tangled glen —
Away from the haunts of cruel men ;
And your bright blue eyes told of joy and pride
As you sunk in my arms, trembled and sighed,
While your auburn hair fell over my face,
And your bounding breast with a tender grace
Arose and fell through the billows of lace.

REMEMBRANCE.

And though many long years have passed away
And a crown of snow decks our brows to-day,
The ghost of those kisses are with us yet,
And the rapture of soul we can't forget.
And if we are destined to meet no more
On this troubled sphere and this sin-cursed shore,
I know there 's a land where sweet kisses bloom,
And where never again is grief or gloom —
And Love is triumphant over the tomb!

NORA.

SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh, Nora, my darling, awake from thy slumber ;
The lark circles high through the dews and the sun ;
And I, as an exile, must leave thee, my beauty,
To wander alone until life's work is done.

Oh, Nora, my darling, the thrush o'er the heather
Sings sweet to his mate in the greatest of glee,
While I am forlorn and weary, and banished
From country and mother, from glory and thee.

The hand of the tyrant has doomed me to sever
The links that I love in dear Erin, my own ;
But where'er I wander, o'er mountain or river,
My soul and my heart shall be thine, sweet, alone.

Columbia invites every exile of Erin
To rest 'neath the shade of her blossoming tree ;
One kiss and I 'm gone, my Nora, my darling,
To the land of the noble, the brave and the free.

My country, my country, for thee I am weeping ;
The tyrant still chains thee to grief and despair ;
Yet "some day" you 'll rise from your ashes of sorrow
And beam like the stars that are shining Up There !



LOVERS ONCE.

"Lovers once, but strangers now"—
Yet memory points where first we met ;
I hear again your solemn vow,
And never can that pledge forget.

Though seas divide and oceans roar,
The love that thrilled our checkered past
Must still be love forevermore,
And linger round us to the last.

The purple vase, once filled with flowers,
In broken parts may lowly lie,
But love that blessed our courtship hours
Shall live like hope and never die.

Misfortune may our lives pursue,
And angry pride pervade, prevail,
But if your love was ever true
It triumphs over every gale.

Our souls were never made akin ;
I soared into the boundless blue,
And well I know what might have been
Were you considerate, kind and true.

Our paths below must break apart
Till life exhausts its latest breath,
While each must bear a wounded heart
To be cemented after death.



A PROPHECY.

A hundred years from now
We 'll talk through ambient air,
Across ten thousand miles of seas,
Without a wire there.

A hundred years from now
The cheery morning suns
Will warm our homes in winter
And cook our beef and buns.

A hundred years from now
Flotillas in the air,
Including lightning battle ships,
Will fight most anywhere.

A hundred years from now
All princes, dukes, and kings
Shall be unknown upon the earth —
These vultures must take wings!

A hundred years from now
There 'll be no crown or creed,
But on this sod we 'll worship God —
And truth and love shall lead.

A hundred years from now
Aluminum shall be
The building matter of the globe,
With electricity.



THE BUSYBODY.

The busybody stirs about,
Like microbes in the air ;
He 's seldom in and ever out,
To foster grief and care.

The busybody is a pest
Wherever he is found,
And never gives you any rest
While he is over ground.

The busybody is a liar,
And an arrant coward, too ;
He stirs up passion, pain and ire,
And never can be true.

I often wish, but wish in vain,
That that Infernal Swell
Would break his neck in sun or rain
And then go right to hell !



DON'T GAMBLE IN STOCKS.

Don't gamble in stocks — have tried it myself,
On many a bright rosy morn ;
Do what you may, you 'll be put on the shelf —
“Come out the small end of the horn.”

I tackled K. T., and purchased Erie,
The morning I first got to “town” ;
But now I can see my fond prophecy —
The one to go up went right down.

I then “struck” Lake Shore and old Baltimore,
That was rated fine as pure gold ;
With “calls” by the score, and margins for more,
I found in the end I was sold.

I then tried W. U., and sound C. B. Q.,
Sold “short,” and went “long” on O. T. ;
Had “puts” on U. P., and “calls” on S. E.,
And “straddled” the market in glee.

I waited to see the rise in U. P.,
The long wished for bulge in O. T. ;
But, 'twixt you and me, the “bears” made me flee,
And got all I dropped in U. P.

I caught a great haul at last in St. Paul.
And played it “according to Hoyle,”
With brokers and “bears,” who brought all my cares
And robbed me once more in crude oil.

I tried wheat and lard ; also Grant & Ward,
With contracts procured on the sly ;
In " short " and " long " grain they got me again,
And profits were " all in my eye."

I 'll say to the " boys," " don't court ' future ' joys,
And wish to be happy in life ;
So keep out to-day, let stocks run away,
And give your ' collat.' to your wife."

Thus take my advice without any price,
'T will serve you in famine or fame ;
For soon you will find, the fool 's left behind
That tackles another man's game!



SWEET SIXTEEN.

O, could I stay at sweet sixteen
And have no care or sorrow,
Where only love would intervene,
Where sunshine cheers each morrow!

Yet I shall feel just sweet sixteen
When I arrive at fifty,
And sport upon some flowery scene,
So hearty, hale and thrifty.

I 'll laugh and play, and still be gay
Around the village green —
And act when I am old and gray
As if I 'm just sixteen!

SHAKESPEARE.

[Dedicated to Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.]

Hail, mighty genius! Royal in thy flight;
Bright, grand, glorious, as the stars of night;
A quarry for all nations to explore —
A mine of thought now, and evermore.
Radiant as the hues of rainbow light,—
Limitless as eagles in their flight;
Spanning the earth, the sea and shining sky.
Godhead of all reason — One All-Seeing Eye!
Divine, with attributes so vast and lone;
Great, without rival, fathomless, unknown;
Sententious, seeking, soaring and sublime;
Essence of all knowledge, tow'ring o'er time,
God of all ages, marvelous, minute,
Monarch of all men, product of all fruit.
A brainy ocean, where all rivers meet —
Concentrated conscience, cloudless, complete.
The fallen Wolsey and great Cæsar, too,
Shall teach their lesson, and this thought imbue,
That genius such as thine is only given
To wield for every good and hope of heaven.
King Lear and Hamlet stalk across the stage
And thrill the yearning soul from age to age,
While Romeo and Juliet never die,
But shine eternal, in the lovelit sky,
Where truth and virtue dwell forevermore
Upon the sands of God's celestial shore.
To thee, great bard, I sing this fleeting lay;
The God of Knowledge, like the sun of day —
Irradiating earth, with thoughts sublime —
The greatest mortal in the tides of time!

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Oh! "Holy Moses," look at that —
The Private Secretary ;
He wiggles like a jumping-jack —
The son of Bridget Cary !

Oh! "Man Alive," look at the lad,
In momentary power ;
He would n't even know his "Dad" —
If he 'd walk in this hour !

The cares of state rest on his pate —
The Senator ain't in it ;
You could n't tamper with his "dig." —
No, "Honey," not a minute !

But soon the beggar "Boy" will go,
No more a horseback racer ;
In fact, when he is out of power
He won't be even a pacer !



THE BRIDGE.

A PARODY.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the planks were rotting away,
And a light shone o'er the city
As the toll-bridge went to decay.

How often, oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I stopped at the bridge in daylight
And paid my toll with a sigh.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of gall,
At this crumbling relic of blackmail
That must sink to a speedy fall.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On this bridge with mouldering piers,
The odor of slavery stuns me, —
And the darkness of vanished years !



TRAPPINGS OF CLAY.

These trappings of clay shall moulder away
And leave not a vestige behind ;
But Truth in its bloom shall rise o'er the tomb
To glorify God-given mind.

A very few years commingled with fears
Are all that each mortal can claim,
With some little joy — a bauble or toy —
One blast from the trumpet of Fame

And then we are naught, as if never brought
To dance out our poor little day
In a world of care, bleak, barren and bare —
So lonesome, and passing away.

But while we are here let 's join in the cheer,
And laugh with a merry good will,
Throw care to the wind, and ever be kind
To those who are climbing the hill

That points to a land, rich, blooming and grand,
Where virtue shall ever be blessed,
And all who are true, whether many or few,
Shall cease from their labors and rest.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

[Dedicated to Hon. Simon Wolf, 1884.]

A hundred years of glorious life
Have crowned our royal hero,
The best of all in Hebrew strife —
Sir Moses Montefiore.

A hundred years of love and truth
Have blessed his deep devotion
For those oppressed in age or youth,
Enchained on land or ocean.

A hundred years of richest dower
Have made him great in beauty.
Like David in his Psalms of power —
Like Solomon in duty.

A million years can not efface
The record of the good,
Nor blot from earth the Jewish race —
Our ancient brotherhood.

Across the seas we grasp a hand
That reaches down the ages ;
Still pointing to the promised land
With all its golden pages.

A life of love and deeds sublime
Shall live in song and story,
And stand the test of tide and time
Adown the aisles of glory.

For Montefiore and his line
We 'll make the welkin ring,
And drink his health in living wine —
Love's monarch, prince, and king.

THE WASHINGTON GIRL.

I 'm a Washington Girl,
And I live in a whirl
 Of beauty and banter and ease ;
With a love for mankind,
And a magical mind,
 I study to praise and to please.

I 'm a Washington Girl,
With an auburn curl,
 And the light from the flash of my eyes
Is as true as the stars
That sparkle round Mars,
 And as bright as the tropical skies.

I 'm a Washington Girl,
And I live in a whirl
 Where the palms and the roses entwine,
And one twist of my fan
Can call any man
 To laugh and to love o'er the wine!





"The Washington Girl"

MY OLD FLAG.

[To the 24th Kentucky V. I., U. S. A.]

How you call me back and again renew
The marches and battles of "Sixty-two";
When your broad stripes fluttered so bright and free
From Shiloh Church to the murmuring sea!

That Sabbath morning I remember well,
When bold Johnston's boys, with their rebel "yell,"
Rushed on our ranks like the stormy waves
And swept your defenders to bloody graves.

You rose and fell in the front of the fight,
While Sherman held every foot on the right.
And fought with his men in the wildest glee
On the banks of the tearing Tennessee.

But the sun went down on your shattered staff.
And your silken scars, like a maiden's laugh,
Still fluttered defiance so loud and free
For a Nation, "Kentuck," and Old Tennessee.

Brave Buell came up, with his loyal band,
In the morning mist through that swampy land,
And rushed on the foe at the dawn of day—
With the loyal "blue" o'er the rebel "gray."

The sunset beams on that April day
Brought gloom and defeat to the daring "gray";
And now, to these shreds, I cling so true,
For they waft me back to old "Sixty-two."

Stone River and Champion Hills might tell
How you stood so fast in that smoky hell;
And flapped in the winds over Knoxville town,
Where the gallant "gray" tried to shoot you down.

Dalton, Resaca, and New Hope, too,
Shattered the stars in your field of blue,
And Kennesaw lifting its brazen head,
Poured fire and destruction o'er loyal dead.

Around Atlanta you fluttered a shred,
Where McPherson fell with his soldier dead —
When Hood like a "Texas blizzard" came
To grasp for his cause unexpected fame.

How often you fell, how often you rose,
Like the morning sun, over vanquished foes,
And held your way over mountain and lea
Until Sherman camped by the sounding sea.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Rear to the sky a monument so grand
That it shall shine across this mighty land,
And while the planets in their cycles run
'T will tell the story of great Washington.
The Old Dominion claims his noble birth,
This Great Republic is his home and hearth,
While every stream shall mingle with his name
And glorious battle-fields prolong his fame.
Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill —
Proud names that make the patriotic thrill,
Who fight for Liberty in any clime,
And die as martyrs down the change of time.
Old Monmouth, and Trenton, and Brandywine,
Are links of freedom that shall ever shine

In chains that bind the love we all transfix
Around the heroes of old "seventy-six."
Saratoga, through Arnold and through Gates,
Was snatched from England by the thirteen States,
And Yorktown capped the climax of our cause
By stamping out the cruel British laws.
Long may we live to hear the tale and tell
How Montgomery and his heroes fought and fell
Upon the frowning heights of old Quebec,
A sacrifice in freedom's glorious wreck!
Old Ethan Allen, and brave Warren, too,
Bring back the memory of the bold and true,
With Stark and Wayne and Marquis Lafayette,
And Green and Steuben that we can't forget;
Yet while we praise the man who lost or won,
The first in all our hearts is Washington;
Like some grand mountain shining from afar,
Or like the radiance of the morning star,
Spreading its silver light throughout the gloom
That gilds the glory of his classic tomb.
Mount Vernon keeps his loved and sacred dust —
An urn of grief that holds a nation's trust,
Where pilgrims bend along the waning years
To gaze upon his grave through pearly tears.
This monument in coming years shall stand
A Mecca for the brave of every land,
And while Potomac waters flash and flow
The fame of Washington shall gain and grow
Adown the ages through the aisles of time,
A patriot forever in his prime!
He broke the chains the tyrant had entwined
Around the body and the fruitful mind,
And though starvation reigned at Valley Forge,
He crushed at last the cohorts of King George,

And gave to every man the right to be
An equal in a land where all are free!
The shafts that dot the Tiber and the Nile.—
Great pyramids of stone, a pile on pile —
Still glorify some queen or royal king;
Yet to our sighing hearts can only bring
The march of slaves and captives in their train —
A triumph o'er the wounded and the slain.
No slave pollutes our fatherland to-day;
Around this marble pile the good can say,
And swear in truth and faith at Freedom's shrine,
That we are brothers of one honest line.
From Boston town to Richmond on the James
Our record shines with noble, glorious names
Who fought and fell for liberty and right —
A galaxy of heroes brave and bright.
Let all the nations of the times and types
Respect our flashing flag of stars and stripes,
And come across the rolling ocean foam
To make this blessed spot their hope and home,
While fair Columbia with her outstretched hands
Invites the good and true of foreign lands
To help her build a nation free and great —
Equality the bed-rock of the State.
Age after age will sweep its course away;
The work of man will crumble and decay:
Yet on the tide of Time, from sun to sun,
Shall shine the glory of our Washington;
And all the stars that in their orbits roll
Around the rushing world from pole to pole
Shall keep his name and fame as true and bright
As yonder sparkling jewels of the night.



THE ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

An attorney-at-law lately put up his shingle,
And had scarcely enough of the specie to jingle.
He said to himself: "I shall work long and late
To find a rich will or a bankrupt estate."

So he sat in his office and puffed day by day,
Forming rings of blue smoke that floated away,
While, with Parsons and Kent, and Blackstone and Chitty,
He appeared to his neighbors so wise and so witty.

At length a rich miller, by name Calvin Brown,
In search of a lawyer came into the town,
And spying a smoker he thought he would pin him,
And marched up the stairs to the office of Skin'em.

"Good morning," said Brown to the lord of the laws;
"I've come to consult for the good of my cause."
"Be seated," said Skin'em; "I know you'll be gainer.
But first I require, now, a thousand retainer."

Brown stared in surprise at this heavy demand,
And said it was more than he felt he could stand;
But the "limb of the law" a glance at him flings,
He puffed his cigar and went on making rings.

The miller at last, like the fly in the fable,
Was caught in the web; where, entirely unable
To cope with the spider that bled him so neatly,
He gave up the ghost and passed off completely.

* * * * *

Skin'em is now the sole administrator;
And you may be sure that, sooner or later,
The widow and orphans of one Calvin Brown
Will be out of a home and put on the town.

Then Skin'em will shine as a brave lady-killer
On plunder he filched from the honest old miller,
And the people will gaze on his rich turn-out,
And say to themselves: "How did this come about?"

Poor dupes! you are fooled by the gauze and the glitter;
You begin with the sweet and end with the bitter;
And fellows like Skin'em lay ever in wait
To pounce on the bones of a crumbling estate.

Thus the law, you must know, is made for the rich.
And the poor, as of old, are left in the ditch;
No matter what rights you may have to maintain,
You 'll lose in the end should you dare to "retain."

Now take my advice and keep out of the law;
For, once in the toils of its ravenous maw,
You are sure to be plucked without mercy or grace
And come out the last at the end of the race.



WYOMING VALLEY.

[Wilkesbarre, Pa., May, 1885.]

From Prospect Rock I see afar
Wyoming Valley, green and free,
Still sparkling like the morning star —
For labor and for liberty.

The Susquehanna rolls along
In rippling beauty through the hills,
Resounding with a forest song
And laughing, brawling, shining rills.

The hum of labor fills the air,
The panting engine sweeps around
The upland slopes, and everywhere
We wander o'er historic ground.

Yon island blooms within a vale
Where crystal waters kiss the flowers,
And every sound that fills the gale
Responds unto the golden hours.

'Round rolling ridges, bold and high,
The fragrant flowers of blooming May
Exhale their perfume to the sky
And give to all a perfect day.

Where sun and stream, and brook and hill
Commingle to entrance the scene,
And heart and soul with rapture fill
The life and love that lie between.



WEDDING BELLS.

[Katie's tribute, May 13, 1879.]

Ring out, glad bells ; ring out, I say !
This is the Golden Wedding Day ;
Ring happy chimes to bring those near
Who love the homestead fond and dear.

Ring loud ! ring strong ! to bring the throng
Of all who to this home belong ;
Bring here the happy and the sad,
For each will make these fond hearts glad.

Ring ! ring ! I say ; that far away
Loved ones will hear what 't is you say ;

Ring once again to guide them here,
To smile upon this golden cheer.

Ring fifty strokes in golden tone!
For work of fifty years well done;
Ring fifty strokes! Each stroke attest,
Father, mother, each were best.

Ring for the past, the future too,
To pledges we this day renew;
Ring for our father, mother dear,
We pledge them with affection's tear.



THERE 'S NO POCKET IN A SHROUD !

[On the death of a millionaire.]

You must leave your many millions
And the gay and festive crowd;
Though you roll in royal billions,
There 's no pocket in a shroud.

Whether pauper, prince or peasant;
Whether rich or poor or proud —
Remember that there is n't
Any pocket in a shroud.

You 'll have all this world of glory
With a record long and loud,
And a name in song and story,
But no pocket in your shroud.

So be gen'rous with your riches,
Neither vain, nor cold, nor proud,
And you 'll gain the golden niches
In a clime without a cloud !

THE WHISPERING TREES.

Oh, the whispering trees, what tales they tell
Of a hundred years ago,
How they sprung from the secret acorn shell,
Near the homestead sweet and low.

The father and mother have gone to rest,
But the childish glee of yore
Still sounds and sings with a rollicking jest,
Round palace and cottage door.

The boy and the girl, the woman and man,
Have come and gone like a dream,
But the trees that have more than human plan.
Tattle their tale to the stream.

A tongue in each leaf, a voice in each limb,
Tells me the old, old story
That fond love and truth are always with Him,
Great in His power and glory.

Then whisper away in the summer time,
Sing the song of creation,
The orchestral chime of these ancient trees
Tells the tale of a nation.



MASONIC BRIGHT LIGHT.

Here's the Templar Knights from the East and the West.
Children, children, won't you follow me?
From the North and the South we all march abreast.
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

No more do we march as the Gray or the Blue,
Children, children, won't you follow me?
But our plumes are white and our hearts are true,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah !

CHORUS.

In the morning, in the morning by the bright light,
When Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning.

As a warrior band we march to the fight,
Children, children, won't you follow me?
Our swords shall flash in the cause of right,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah !
The poor and the weak we are pledged to protect,
Children, children, won't you follow me?
We are Christian men without any sect,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah !

Then up with the cross, and a cheer for the crown !
Children, children, won't you follow me?
The Crescent of the Pagan is almost down,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah !
Then hurrah for the girl that we all love best !
Children, children, won't you follow me?
From the North, the South, the East and the West,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah !



MY WAR-HORSE, "BOB."

[In memory of Col. Chas. D. Pennybacker's pet.]

Farewell, farewell, my beautiful bay!
Sadly I sigh for your loss to-day ;
My thoughts go back to the long ago,
Where we tramped and fought with the deadly foe.

Of all the friends that I ever knew,
None served me so kind, so brave and true.
Ah! how shall I tune this nameless lay
In memory of my dear old bay?

No bugle note shall ever again
Call thee to muster on hill or plain,
Where passion and pelf cause men to bleed ;
No more shall I ride my gallant steed.

In the days of war, when blood flowed free,
We campaigned together, you and me ;
Now who can blame me to grieve and sob
For losing my friend, my war-horse, " Bob ? "

Brave comrades have fallen by my side ;
In the battle-ranks they fought and died ;
Yet even these heroes, young or gray,
Were not more prized than my noble bay.



THE BOAST OF BACCHUS.

I reign over land, I reign over sea,
The proudest of earth I bring to my knee
As weak as a child in the midnight of care ;
The prince and the peasant I strip bleak and bare.

A taste of my blood sends a thrill to the heart,
And speeds through the soul like a poisonous dart :
While I leave it a wreck of trouble and pain
That never on earth can be perfect again. .

The youth in his bloom and the man in his might
I capture by day and I conquer by night ;
The maid and the matron respond to my call ;
I rule like a tyrant and ride over all.

In the gilded saloon and glittering crowd
I deaden the senses and humble the proud,
And tear from the noble, the good, and the great
The love and devotion of home, church, and state.

I blast all the honor that manhood holds dear ;
I smile with delight at the sight of a tear ;
And laugh in the revel and rout of a night —
My mission on earth is to blur and to blight.

I ruin the homes of the high and the low ;
I blast every hope of the friend and the foe ;
The world I sear with my blistering breath,
And millions I lead to the portals of death.

In the parlor and dance-house I sparkle and roar
Like billows that break on a wild, rocky shore ;
I crush every virtue, destroy every truth,
That blossoms in beauty or blushes in youth,

My power is mighty for sin and despair ;
I crouch, like a lion that waits in his lair,
To mangle the life of the pure and the brave,
And drag them in sorrow to shame and the grave.



FAR DOWN THE LANE.

Far down the lane I see again
A school-girl and a boy ;
They skip along with laugh and song
In all their youthful joy.

The flowers bloom with sweet perfume,
And everything is gay ;
This happy pair, devoid of care,
Clasp hands in sunny May.

The years pass on, their youth is gone,
Yet still they cling together ;
While strands of gray, from day to day,
Proclaim the wintry weather.

But in their eyes those love-lit skies
Come back o'er hill and plain,
And shine as blue on hearts as true
As those far down the lane.

Thus, one by one, when we are gone.
In sunshine and in rain,
The girls and boys will have their joys
In skipping down the lane.



A FIRESIDE MEMORY.

She 's gone, yet memory unconfined
Has reared a temple in my heart
Where all her virtues are enshrined —
That never from my soul depart.

Her voice, like music low and sweet,
Could soothe me in the deepest woe —
How willing were her flying feet
To serve me in the long ago.

Her face, like yonder bank of flowers,
Shone brightly o'er me near and far —
Lit up my life in lonely hours —
My truest friend, my polar star.

No more those footsteps run to greet
My lagging moments night or day :
We never more on earth shall meet —
My joys with her have passed away.

Her image hangs on yonder wall,
Still speaking of the olden time
When she to me was all in all,
And love was in its early prime.

Now bending o'er the smoldering fire
I see the shadows come and go,
While one by one the sparks expire,
And flake by flake comes down the snow.

But through the gloom I always see
A ray of that dear vanished light,
And memory fondly brings to me
Her image ever pure and bright.



OL' KENTUCKY HOME.

As sung by "Uncle Rastus" after the War.

Dar de walnut an' de maple,
An' de locus' an' de ash,
Spread dar shadders o'er de medders fresh an' green;
An' ol' massa does n't torture
Wid de ra'hide or de lash —
An' de bleeden backs shall neber more be seen.

CHORUS.

Smile some mo', me lady,
Larf some mo' to-day;
For de sun still shines
In our ol' Kentucky home,
In dat ol' Kentucky home, far away.



"An' de darkies now am happy all de day"

Oh, de coon an' 'possum chatter
In de moonlight as of yore,
An' de darkies now am happy all de day,
While de pickaninnies tumble
On de cabin puncheon flo',
An' Aunt Dinah sings and laughs her life away.

An' de mockin' bird am singin'
Wid de red bird in de brush,
And de bee is hummin' songs among de flowers,
While de fishes in de brook
Jump at eb'ry bait and hook,
An' de squirrel cracks de nuts in sunny hours.

Dar de hosses run like lightnen,
While de mules dey kick up high ;
An' de gals am de purtyest eber seen ;
Whar de cattle in de pastures
Am de fattest on de erf,
An' de foxes is so cunnin', smart an' keen.

Take me back to ol' Kentucky,
Whar dis darkey dar was born ;
To de blue grass an' dat hebbently, sunny sky,
Whar de Bo'rbon juice am runnin'
An ol' massa still goes gunnin' ;
Oh! dar, Good Laud, let " Uncle Rastus " die !



AMONG THE HILLS.

Among the hills where summer rills
Come leaping o'er the grasses,
I hear the glee from tree to tree
And see the lads and lasses.

The laughing noise of girls and boys
Awakens youthful dreaming
Of long ago, with joy and woe,
And many bright eyes beaming.

But now, to-day, my hair is gray,
The wrinkles o'er me creeping ;
My youth is past, and here at last
I 'm left to silent weeping.

But memory clings and love still sings
Among the hills of childhood
The tunes I knew when friends were true,
And pleasure ruled the wildwood.

Laugh on, sweet youth, with love and truth.
Be happy without measure,
While song and rhyme can kill old Time
And youth remains a treasure.



UNKNOWN.

I gazed on the babe at its mother's breast,
And asked for the secret of life and rest;
It turned with a smile that was sad and lone,
And murmured in dreaming, "Unknown, unknown!"

I challenged the youth so bold and so brave,
To tell me the tale of the lonely grave;
But he sung of pleasure in musical tone,
And his echoing voice replied, "Unknown, unknown!"

Then I questioned the gray-haired man of years,
Whose face was furrowed with thoughts and tears;

And he paused in his race to simply groan
The soul-chilling words: "Unknown, unknown!"

I asked the lover, the poet and sage —
In every clime and in every age —
To tell me the truth, and candidly own
If after life it is all unknown.

I soared like the lark to the boundless sky,
Sighed in my soul for the how and the why ;
The angels were singing and just had flown ;
I heard but the echo, "Unknown, unknown!"

I read in the hills and saw in the rocks
A lesson that told of the earthquake shocks ;
I gazed at the stars from a mountain cone,
But they only answered, "Unknown, unknown!"

Thus am I tortured by fear and by doubts,
In tracing the way where so many routes
Are ever in view, and quickly are flown,
And all that I know is — "Unknown, unknown!"

At last I determined to surely find
All hope and all bliss in my mystic mind ;
But just as sweet peace came to soothe me alone,
The wild witch of doubt shrieked, "Unknown,
unknown!"

The sun and the moon, the winds and the wave,
May perish in time and sink to the grave ;
The temples of earth shall fall, stone by stone,
And mortals still wail out, "Unknown, unknown!"



A FRIEND.

A friend is one who knows your fault,
And knowing dares to chide you ;
Who blisters wrong with Attic salt
And still sticks close beside you.

A friend is one who lifts you up
When sin and sorrow hover,
Then casts aside the bitter cup
And takes you under cover.

A friend is one whose words are true,
Whose purse in joy or trouble
Is ever open unto you ;
Whose heart can not play double.

A friend is one who bends alone
Above your nameless tomb,
And keeps your memory all her own
As flowers in full bloom.



LET ME REST.

Let me rest where sunlight lingers,
'Neath the waving willow shade,
Where the morn with dewy fingers
Sprinkles diamonds o'er the glade.

Where the little birds are singing
O'er the flowers above my tomb,
And the matin bells are ringing
Mortals to celestial bloom !

A CONUNDRUM.

Who keeps the ocean in motion ?
I asked of the passing breeze ;
It only gave back for answer
The sigh of the sounding seas.

And who keeps the stars still shining,
Far up in the boundless blue ;
And ocean and earth reclining
Under the sun and the dew ?

And who keeps the world still going
Through cycles of plodding years ;
Where death is reaping our sowing
And joy is mingled with tears ?
I give it up.



BOAST NOT.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow,
All of this life is to-day ;
Joy is still mingled with sorrow —
Loved ones are passing away.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow,
Its flowers and its fortune will fade ;
Why should we stop, then, to borrow
The trouble that each heart has made ?

Boast not thyself of to-morrow,
This life is a span and a breath ;
How cold, how damp, and how narrow —
The portals that point us to death.

Boast not, take heed lest thou fall,
Vain pride is the runner of fate ;
The grave grass shall grow o'er us all —
The worst or the best of the state

Boast not of this flitting hour ;
It speeds like a bird in its flight —
Frail as the dew on a flower,
Bleak as the darkness of night.

Boast not when pleasure surrounds thee,
Where mirth lights the garish saloon ;
All of its flash will confound thee,
And leave thee in sorrow too soon.

Boast not at all, but be humble ;
Do good for the sake of the good ;
All that are human must stumble,
And each heart has done as it could.



REST.

[In memory of General O. E. Babcock, U. S. A.]

Rest, soldier, rest beneath the sod —
Mortality has gone to God ;
Thy battles o'er, all trials past —
Peace to your ashes, rest at last.

The coming years will always tell
You did your duty nobly — well —
And faced the storm when others fled ;
But now, alas, dear friend, you're dead.

Sweet be the flowers above your tomb,
Let honor in eternal bloom
Entwine the ivy o'er thy dust—
An evergreen of love and trust.

The Capital you made so bright,
Shall ever think you good and right ;
While coming years shall sound thy praise,
And memory to thy image raise.

A marble shaft, to tell all time
That Genius reigns in every clime ;
And man, at last, is always just,
Because he loves and lives to trust.

While ocean billows toss and roar
Against the great Atlantic shore,
Your memory in our hearts shall be
Pure as the foam upon the sea.

Rest, soldier, rest ; brave heart, be still :
You rest in peace on yon Oak Hill,
A brother to the silent clod —
Rest, soldier, rest in peace with God !



SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

The maple grows in beauty outside my classic hall,
Its branches kiss my windows, and shadows climb the wall :
They flit in fairy dances where Zephyr plays his tune,
And birds of brightest plumage sing all the airs of June.

The sunlight and the shadows that intermingle here
Bring pictures of the faces, ever pure and very dear,
That thrilled my heart in childhood when life was fresh
and true,
And every changing shadow brought pleasure to my view.

The leaves upon the maple are dancing light and free,
They limn their loving features in the halls of memory ;
And as they murmur gayly to entrance my rural scene,
They bring back cheering voices with a chorus in between.

The shadows of the comrades I loved in long ago
Are flitting in my vision ; their faces well I know ;
And from the roar of battle I hear their voices rise,
To mingle with our triumph and echo in the skies.

And in the hall of memory, engraven fond and dear,
The shadow of my True Love appears from year to year ;
The maple never murmurs but I hear her magic rune—
A rose of radiant beauty that I lost in jealous June !



THE LOST ATLANTIS.

[Dedicated to Ignatius Donnelly.]

The night of ages is passing away,
Yet the dawn of Atlantis shines afar,
Where the mind of man like a perfect day
Beams out on the earth like a morning star.

There is nothing new, there is nothing old,
In this beautiful world so fresh and free ;
The mountains are filled with silver and gold
As they came from the hand of Destiny.

The hills and the vales will blossom in spring,
The ocean will roar with a sullen cry ;
Old Time in his flight, with a restless wing,
Shall whirl o'er the dead without pity or sigh.

So the sun will rise and the sun will set,
And stars will bejewel the upper blue,
And the earthquake shock like a gaping net
Will swallow together the false and true.

I hear a voice o'er the rolling deep,
And catch a glimpse of that far-off shore,
Where men and women will never weep.
In the new Atlantis, forevermore.



LET'S DRINK TO-NIGHT.

Let's drink to-night while stars are bright,
And banish every sorrow ;
And hope to see, for you and me,
A glorious to-morrow.

Fill up the bowl and thrill the soul
With wine of Love and Beauty ;
Whate'er you do, be always true,
And bravely do your duty.

Laugh with the gay from day to day,
Grieve not for vanished pleasure,
The present time we'll tune to rhyme
And grasp it as a treasure.

CHORUS.

Cheer up, cheer up! let's fill the cup.
And drink to beaming eyes,
That on us shine through rosy wine,
Like stars in yonder skies.

WHERE IS GOD TO-DAY?

[This question was asked by the five-year-old child of General Thomas
L. Rosser, Virginia.]

A blue-eyed boy, while sporting at his play,
Asked this question, Pa, where is God to-day?
The man of years and thought could not reply,
And only answered by the saddest sigh.

The greatest sages of the olden time
Have asked this question of the earth and sky;
But never yet, in any land or clime,
Has man been satisfied with the reply.

We build great temples to the God we make,
And worship something till we're old and gray;
But from the aching heart we can not take
The simple question — Where is God to-day?

Perhaps the little child might tell us now,
Where God in all his power reigns on high,
Where wreaths immortal crown the boyish brow,
And worlds unnumbered shine beyond the sky.



THE HOG.

[Dedicated to You No Who.]

Oh! look at the hog, the great he hog:
You can see him near or far;
He seems like a bog or a water-log —
The hog in the railroad car!

Then look at the little, snug she hog,
As she tries to be on a par
With the big he hog, and the other hogs,
That ride in the crowded car!

Just gaze at the hog, the round, fat hog,
With his snout 'neath THE EVENING STAR;
He spreads o'er the seat with hands and feet —
The hog in the Avenue car!

Oh! happy old hog, full of gall and grog,
You may grunt and wriggle and sigh;
Yet I would n't be sad, but really glad,
If the street-car hog would die!



VICTOR HUGO.

Stout heart, good man, no pomp or state
Can gild thy pure renown —
Thy life was moulded pure and great —
Le-Grande in field or town.

Hater of shams, lover of right —
A patriot sublime —
A man who ruled by love, not might,
And wrote for all of time.

Thy memory, like a sweet perfume,
Shall shine along the ages;
Be fadeless as immortal bloom,
Or like thy golden pages,

Where love and truth are intertwined;
Nobility its plan —
Great royalty of heart and mind,
You lived for God and man!



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